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1884.

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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LII.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 3.

LATERAL HARPS-STRINGS.

Entered at the Post-office at Philadelphia as second-class matter.

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PREPARED BY

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1884:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing patterns.—
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' basque and skirt. The pattern to the basque, which is No. 9000 and costs 30 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The skirt pattern, which is No. 8999 and costs 35 cents, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

Plain camel's-hair suiting and an invisibly brocaded suiting of the same texture are combined in the present instance. The skirt is short and round, and is made of the plain material. A deep, gathered flounce of the material, bordered near the lower edge with three straight rows of velvet ribbon, trims the bottom of the skirt. The draperies are deep and full, reaching nearly to the foot of the skirt; and the front-draperies are cut in battlements at the bottom, each tab being trimmed with five upright strips of velvet ribbon, the middle strip being the longest and the



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

corresponding strips at each side of equal length. ends meeting at the closing. The larger collar and Three clusters of shallow plaits, caught up at the its lapels are overlaid with rows of velvet ribbon.

center and in the side edges, drape the front-draperies beautifully, and darts fit it at the belt. The *buflant* back-draperies are softly draped by plaits in its side edges and an under-tape at the center.

The basque fits the figure closely, double bust darts, single under-arm darts, low side-form seams and a center seam making the adjustment. It is deep and round, with an under-folded double *box*-plait at the center seam and three-cornered *revers* turning backward from the lower part of the side seams. In front of the *revers* are upright rows of velvet ribbon. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond with five strips of velvet ribbon arranged upon the upper side to extend forward from the outside seam, and buttons and button-holes close the front. An officer's collar encircles the neck, and below it is attached a deep collar that extends upon the bust in notched lapels, its



8997

Front View.

8997

Back View.

GIRLS' CLOAK.

No. 8997.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 27 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for facings. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9004

Front View.

9004

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 9004.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it needs 5 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for facings. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9021

Front View.

8996

GIRLS' APRON.

No. 8996.—The pattern to this apron is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the apron for a girl of 8 years, will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



9021

Side-Back View.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 9021.—This costume is here made of plain suiting, with a deep side-plaiting of the material, braid-binding, machine-stitching and bone buttons employed as decorations. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, requires $13\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8995

Front View.

9019

LADIES' ZOUAVE JACKET.
No. 9019.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 3½ yards of plain material and 1½ yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard of the one and ¼ yard of the other 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8995

Back View.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 8995.—This costume is simple in construction and is adapted to any dress goods in vogue. A plain suiting is shown in this instance, and a plaiting of the same, braid and ribbon form the garnitures. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years old. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, will require 5½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8999

Front View.

8998

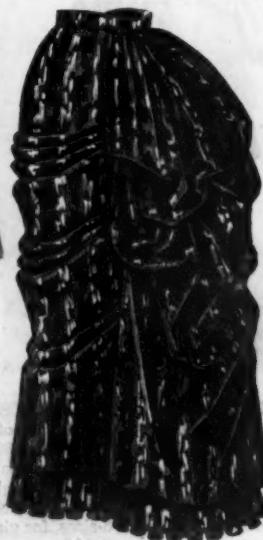
Front View.

8998

Back View.

CHILD'S COAT.

No. 8998.—Soft cashmere of a pretty brown shade is the material employed in making the pretty coat here pictured. The pattern is adapted to all sorts of cloakings and coatings in vogue, and is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, will require 3½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8999

Side-Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8999.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and may be employed for any variety of dress goods in vogue. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require 10½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

MANTEL LAM-BREQUIN.

No. 9022.—
The pretty lambrequin pattern
here portrayed is
in 5 sizes for man-
tels measuring
from 3 to 7 feet
in width, and may
be used for cloth,
plush, velvet, felt,
etc. To make
the lambrequin
for a mantel 6



9022



FIGURE No. 2.—GIRLS' HOUSE COSTUME

FIGURE No. 2.—This consists of Girls' Gabrielle dress No. 7651, and apron No. 8996. The dress pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a girl of 8 years, it needs $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide. The apron pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a girl of 8 years, it needs $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide.



9011



FIGURE NO. 3.—CHILD'S COAT

FIGURE No. 3.—This consists of Child's coat No. 8998. Fancy-striped cloth and plain velvet are united in the present instance, the velvet being used for facings. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

The Publishers of the **HOME MAGAZINE** will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

FRONTISPICE: Ancient Labyrinth at Versailles.

H. S. Atwater 143

VERSAILLES AND ITS FOUNTAINS (Illustrated),

Chambers's Journal 149

OUR BOYS—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

Waller 150

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE (Illustrated),

151

CAIRO (Illustrated),

151

THE OLD-TIME SINGING SCHOOL,

Ruth Revere 152

JAMES VICK (Illustrated),

Helen H. S. Thompson 153

SONNET,

Grace Adele Pierce 155

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS,

155

THE WILD CAT (Illustrated),

M. 156

HEAVEN,

Ruth Revere 160

WHAT THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH TOLD MARJORIE,

Minnie Grace Clarke 160

LITTLE MISS KLEIN,

Sylvia Brown 162

MARIA'S GHOSTS. Chapter ii,

Mary E. Hawkins 163

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD,

Faustine 166

AN IMMORTAL DEED

Robert C. Meyers 171

THE SICK AND THE WELL,

Rosella Rice 174

THE SILVER WEDDING,

Sarah J. C. Whittlesey 176

BUT A PHILISTINE. Chapters xviii, xix, xx, xxi, xxii, xxiii

Virginia F. Townsend 177

THE CLIMBER,

Lena Leslie 192

HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY,

Ella Rodman Church 193

THE HOME CIRCLE:

A Gossip,

Earnest 194

A Letter,

Lena Leslie 196

Home Rest,

196

Talking too Much,

Olive 197

Pure Air,

Mrs. Helen H. S. Thompson 197

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:

Training Girls for Housekeepers,

Nellie Burns 198

RELIGIOUS READING:

"A Thing of Beauty,"

Mrs. A. L. Washburn 199

YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT:

The Voice,

Lauretta 200

ART AT HOME (Illustrated),

202

FANCY NEEDLEWORK (Illustrated),

203

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT:

Answers to Inquiries,

206

Recipes,

206

FASHION DEPARTMENT:

Fashion Notes,

207

NOTES AND COMMENTS,

208

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT,

208

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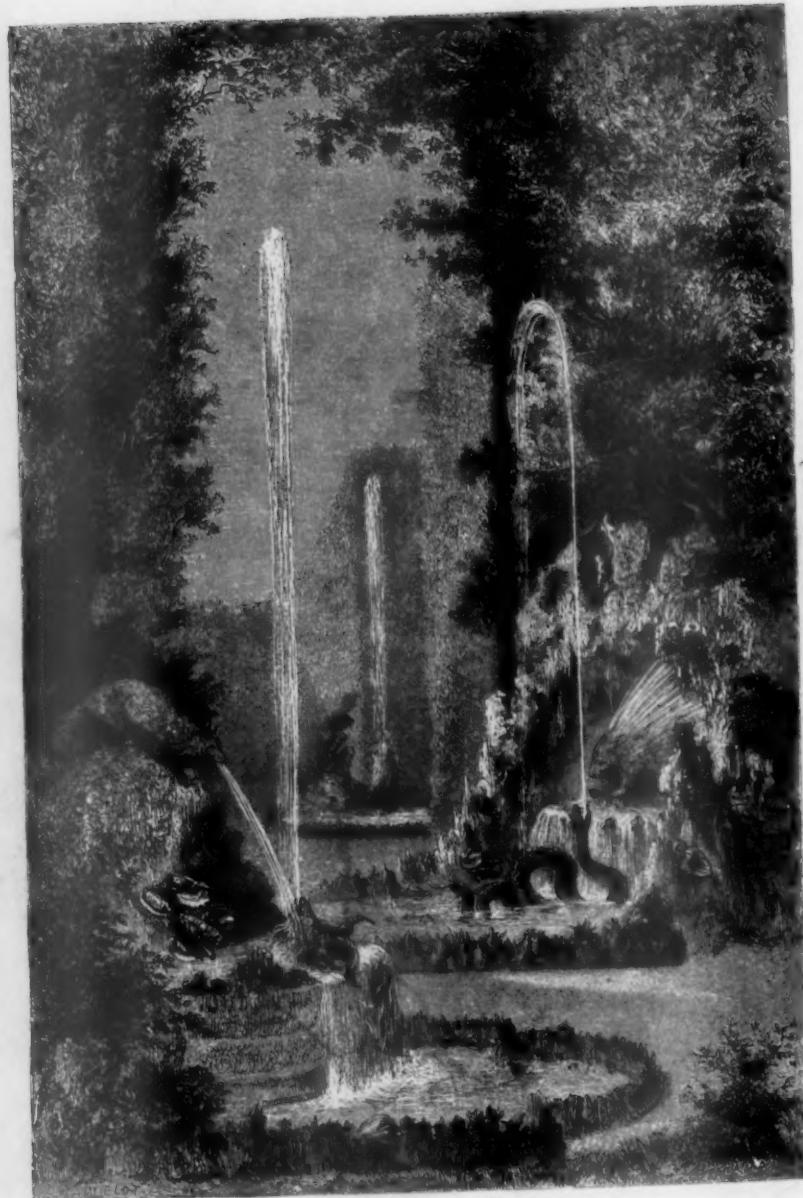
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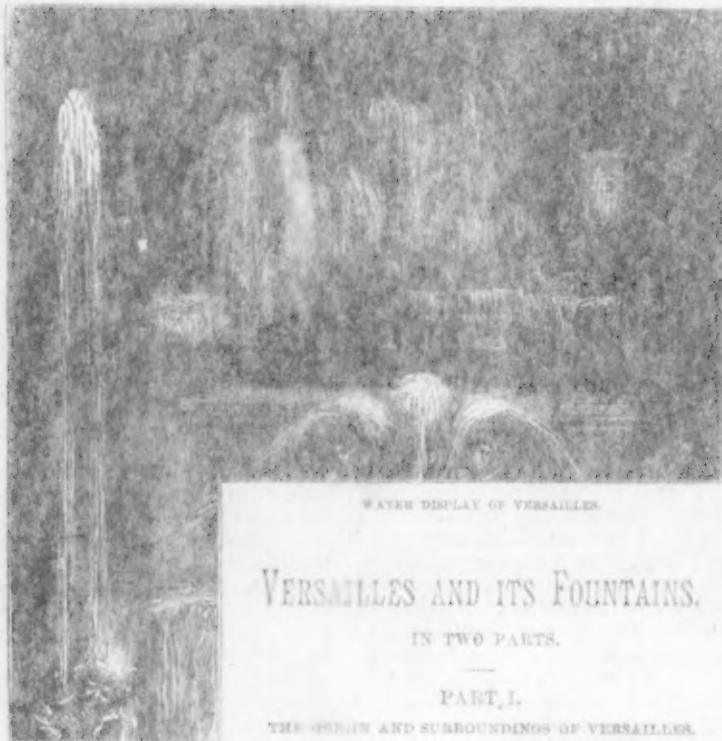
ANCIENT LABYRINTH AT VERSAILLES.—*Page 118.*

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

MARCH, 1884.

No. 3.



VERSAILLES AND ITS FOUNTAINS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE ORIGIN AND SURROUNDINGS OF VERSAILLES.

VERSAILLES! Fit monument of that proud and impious monarch, Louis XIV. of France! Grand emblem of his magnificence and absolute selfishness! It is only necessary to behold this superb palace, with its wonder gardens and fountains, and recall to our minds at from its foundation to its topmost battlements, which of its stones represents a drop of blood wrung from a suffering people, to realize that before us is one great cause of that tremendous revolution which came later in the horrid shape of the French Revolution.

"Extremes will meet," and, indeed, they did so in that awful time; for wealth and pride grew weak and succumbed before the tremendous voice of an outraged people, who, suffering so long as

dumb beasts of burden, knew not how to hold the reins of power when they obtained them, and who, like Phaeton, after scattering broadcast discord and misery, were overturned through their own excesses and fell headlong to destruction.

As we look upon these height and beautiful edifices—the sun glinting in golden showers through its graceful fountains, the trees nodding and whispering among themselves, as did the courtly dames of the olden time who promenaded beneath their shade; as we observe the brilliant hues of the flowers that delight the eye on whichever side we turn—we do not stop to think how many lives were sacrificed and how many millions of money were extorted from an oppressed people to bring to perfection this panorama of loveliness.



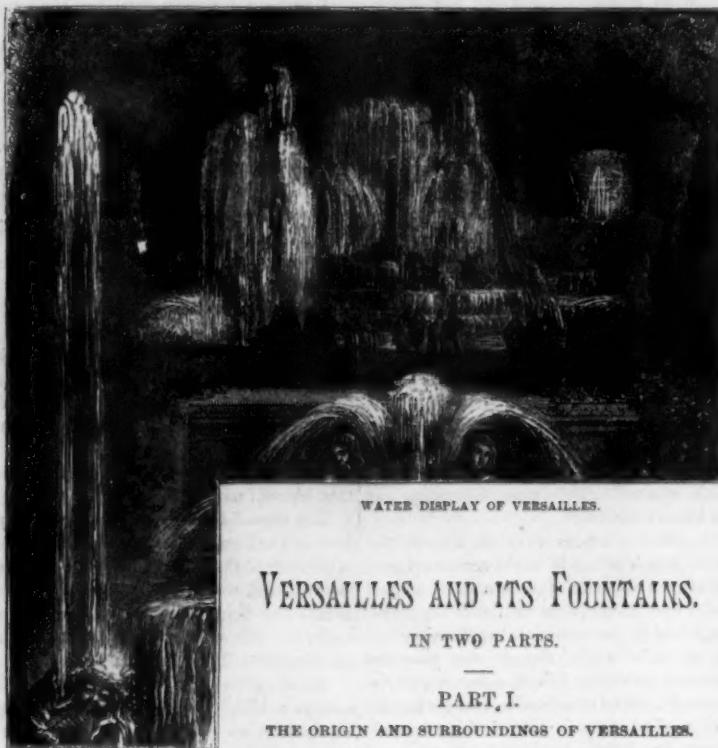
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As we look upon these bright and beautiful gardens—the sun glinting in golden showers through its graceful fountains, the trees nodding and whispering among themselves, as did the courtly dames of the olden time who promenaded beneath their shade; as we observe the brilliant hues of the flowers that delight the eye on whichever side we turn—we do not stop to think how many lives were sacrificed and how many millions of money were extorted from an oppressed people to bring to perfection this panorama of loveliness.

This was an ugly thought, that the brilliant monarch and his court did not wish to dwell upon and thrust hurriedly out of sight; but the fact existed, nevertheless, and one day the closet opened and the skeleton stalked forth in all its undisguised hideousness.

But as there are two sides to be considered in all things, let us look on the reverse of this picture, and when at the present day we watch the delighted crowds that throng the walks of this celebrated place, hear the expressions of wonder and pleasure on every side, and see the happy children, with their white-capped *bonnes*, enjoying themselves in a natural, healthful manner, we can thank even the selfish whim of a king who gave to the people of Paris this vast playground.

Versailles is situated about eighteen miles from Paris, and can be reached from that city by two separate lines of railroad. The one, starting from the Rue St. Lazare and running along the right bank of the Seine, passes through more than one place of historical interest: The Château de Meudon, bringing to our minds the brilliant and artistic Francis I, and a century later becoming the centre of the intrigues headed by Mademoiselle Choin. It was here that Napoleon I conceived the curious idea of founding a school for the children of the Princes of the Imperial line, and especially for the descendants of those whom he had placed upon foreign thrones, "to combine," as he said, "the care and superintendence of a private education with the advantages to be derived from emulation with others." This plan, however, was never put into execution.

Next in order we pass through Sèvres, the porcelain of which place is world-renowned and which contains a museum of foreign work, as well as exquisite specimens of its own manufactures. It is open freely to the public on the Tuesday and Saturday of each week. Sèvres also possesses immense caves established in abandoned quarries which have the virtue of softening and giving the quality of age to wines. One of these caves—"La Cave du Roi"—holds fifteen thousand hogsheads of wine.

The other line of railroad, starting from the Boulevard Mont-Parnasse and pursuing the left bank of the river, travels over no less historic ground; but, indeed, there is hardly a spot on French soil that does not boast a history of its own.

On the right of this road stands conspicuously Mont-Valérien, or Calvaire, crowned to-day by a fort in place of the church and convent which were destroyed by Napoleon.

It brings to us a tender memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Told in the words of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre: "We walked together through its monastic groves, and, touched by the softened peace which brooded over this holy place, prayed, notwithstanding one

of us was born a Protestant and both were philosophers. This act of devotion called forth from Jean Jacques Rousseau the remark: 'How this proves what is spoken of in the Gospel—"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." And it is so here, for I feel a sentiment of peace filling my soul.' I replied: 'If Fenelon, then, had lived you would have been a Catholic?' To which he answered, with tears in his eyes: 'Ah! if Fenelon had lived, I should have aspired to be his lackey, that in time I might have had the happiness of becoming his *valet-de-chambre*.'

After this peaceful spot comes, in sharp contrast, Saint-Cloud, brimming over with historical interest, all of which is so well known that we will not go over the ground again, only giving two curious legends connected with its bridge.

Tradition runs that when the bridge was rebuilt in the sixteenth century, the architect who had it in charge was at a loss how to proceed. Satan, hearing his lamentations, appeared to him and promised to aid him, provided his Satanic Majesty should be presented with the first living creature that passed over the bridge after it was finished. This bargain the architect was very loath to make, but finding his dilemma such that he knew not how to extricate himself, finally consented, and the work was successfully completed. For some time no one ventured to cross the structure, when finally a cat sprang upon it, and Satan, notwithstanding his disappointment, was obliged to content himself with this prey.

The second legend, and one that keeps strong hold of the imagination of many of the lower class of French to this day, is that of the famous nets of Saint-Cloud, which are supposed to be stretched across the Seine at this point and in which are collected the dead bodies of those who drown themselves at Paris.

As we enter the terraced gardens of this "palace on a hill," we are struck by the exquisite art to be seen on all sides. At every turn we come upon new beauties, new surprises, until we gaze in breathless wonder at that which the hand of man has created; but yet we feel a want, our hearts call for something beyond these "geometrical beauties," and it is with a sigh of relief that we turn into the lovely English garden which has taken the place of the Isle Royal. It was planned out by Louis XVIII, and executed during the rigorous winter of 1816 by the poor of Paris, to whom the King, with far-sighted wisdom, furnished this employment instead of giving them alms.

Let us pause here, and, before we pursue our winding way among these elaborate wonders, endeavor to learn something of how and when this palace and its gardens arose, as by enchantment, at the will of a powerful monarch.

The first mention we have of Versailles dates back to the eleventh century, and we find that the *seigneurie* was presented by Henry IV, King of France, to the son of his friend, Martial de Loménie, who perished during the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. It is said that Henry himself frequently followed the chase in the neighboring forests.

Finally, in 1624, Louis XIII, wearied and disgusted with himself and the whole world, came to this retired spot to hunt and enjoy solitude, leaving, when he did so, the reins of government in the hands of his powerful and, fortunately for France, wise and sagacious minister, Richelieu.

At first, the royal huntsman took up his quarters at night in a neighboring windmill, as there was no other place of refuge, but afterward, tired of this primitive habitation, purchased the ground from the Archbishop of Paris, François de Gondi, and became *Seigneur* of Versailles, "by means of sixty-six thousand livres spoken of in the contract which said *Seigneur* Archbishop acknowledged having received of his said Majesty in pieces of sixteen sous each."

Here he built a château, plain and unpretending, surrounded by moats; the grounds consisting of two terraced gardens, displaying in them the arms of France, two circular basins of water, and an orangery. This orangery, enlarged and beautified by Louis XIV, contains two orange-trees, planted by the hand of Leonora of Castile, wife of Charles III, King of Navarre, in 1421, and to this day these ancient trees, which have stood the assaults of four centuries, are hearty and flourishing. Such was the humble beginning of the magnificent palace and gardens spread out for our admiration and wonder at the present day.

One incident worthy of mention, as being an unusual exhibition of feeling in the supremely selfish and egotistical nature of the "Grand Monarch," is the fact that he insisted that the old château built by his father should be preserved and form the nucleus of the splendid palace he proposed to build, and when told by his architects that the edifice was not strong enough to sustain the pressure of the new buildings, replied that if that was the case it would have to come down, but that it should be rebuilt in precisely the same manner. And so it stands to this day.

Resolved that his project of creating the most magnificent and wonderful garden-spot in France should become a complete success, Louis spared neither life or expense to attain his object.

Le Nôtre, an Italian, and the most celebrated gardener of the world, was employed and given *carte blanche* in regard to money and men, and the people were taxed to the utmost to furnish the resources for carrying on this undertaking. With his usual impetuosity, the King was not contented to have the work progress gradually, but hastened

to place upon it a veritable army of workmen, and in an incredibly short time the palace arose and the grounds seemed all but complete. Suddenly, however, to their great chagrin, it was discovered that although the beautiful gardens had been laid out, and the superb fountains and basins nearly completed, the first great essential to crown and perfect all this splendor was lacking, and that the water supply was of the scantiest kind.

To overcome this huge difficulty the greatest engineering minds in France toiled and labored, and plan after plan was projected only to be dropped as unavailable. It was finally proposed to turn the river Eure from its course and bring it to Versailles, and, it being time of peace, Louis employed regiments of his army upon this herculean work. The bed of the river being thus exposed, and the newly turned ground exhaling poisonous vapors, a pestilence made its appearance among these men, and during the four years which were given to this work it is estimated that thousands of Louis's brave soldiers perished in this way. But what did that matter—*le Roi s'amuse!*

War was declared in 1688, and the remnant of these soldiers was sent to a more glorious field to die, and the work that had cost so much both in money and misery was abandoned, never to be resumed. Afterward this plan was much modified, and by draining the country for leagues in various directions by means of ditches and aqueducts, a sufficient supply of water was at last procured. These waters are brought from Trappes, Saclay, Bois-d'Arcy, etc., and are collected in the reservoir at Montbauron, and from thence into that of the palace. Having now some idea of the difficulties overcome by the indomitable will and energy of the "Grand Monarch," we will wander through the marvels and beauties of the gardens of Versailles, endeavoring to place before our minds with some degree of clearness the manner in which the fountains are distributed, and we shall find, to our surprise and delight, that they symbolize almost every personage and myth connected with the ancient mythology of Greece and Rome.

PART II.

THE FOUNTAINS OF VERSAILLES.

IN giving a description of the fountains and gardens of Versailles, it would be unjust to its presiding genius were we to pass over without mention the single-minded, childlike André le Nôtre, to whose skill and taste we must credit these veritable wonders.

André le Nôtre was an Italian and son of the Superintendent of the Tuilleries. He had studied painting, and when he was called upon to embellish the parks and grounds of the nobility, applied this talent to his knowledge of gardening, and

having a fine eye for the suitability and adaptation of separate parts in forming an harmonious whole, made of his business an art in itself, commanding the admiration of all who saw the results attained.

He was a man of wonderful modesty and honesty, and never, throughout his whole prosperous career, was known to presume upon his success. He worked for King and people alike, appearing to be animated solely by the love of his profession and the desire of accomplishing the best results for his employer. It was through his magnificent adornment of Vaux, the château of Louis's Superintendent, Fouquet, that he drew upon himself the attention of that monarch.

This unwise ostentation of Fouquet, however,

represented twenty-four groups in bronze, cast by the Kellers and designed by Aubry and Roger.

The northern basin is ornamented on the one side by symbolical figures of the Garonne and the Dordogne, by Coysevox, and on the other side by similar figures of the Seine and the Marne.

The basin toward the south has corresponding figures of the other principal rivers of France, the Rhône and the Saône on the one side, and the Loire and the Loiret on the other.

On the longer sides of these basins are groups of naiads and nymphs sporting with loves and zephyrs, and eight groups, of three children each, some mounted on dolphins, others playing with birds or holding crowns of flowers and shells. In



BASIN OF APOLLO AT VERSAILLES.

provoked Louis's resentment so greatly that he vowed he "would put it out of the power of any of his subjects to outshine their King." In accordance with this feeling, the Superintendent was disgraced, Le Nôtre engaged, and Versailles arose.

Let us now begin our wanderings without further delay, and passing out the door of the Chapel, descend the noble flight of three hundred stone steps that leads us to the Parterre d'Eau—so called because originally it was almost a lake, with small islands showing here and there. At the present time it is a beautiful, green terrace, extending in front of the Palace, with a large basin of water on either side.

These two basins are longer than wide and are bordered by tablets of white marble, on which are

the middle of each basin is a fine column of water, surrounded by sixteen smaller jets, all inclining toward the grand centre. On either side we notice, almost hidden by trees, two columns of water. The one toward the Orangery is the fountain of Point-du-Jour, taking its name from a neighboring statue; the other one, toward the Chapel, is the fountain of Dians, from which we pass through a winding avenue bordered by yews to the grotto of the Baths of Apollo, open only to the public on the days when the large fountains play.

This grotto consists of a large and picturesque surface of rock, well shaded by trees and covered by vines and ferns, with a grotto in the centre containing the group of Apollo and his attendant nymphs, in white marble, the rare beauty of which

is not to be surpassed by any other work in Versailles.

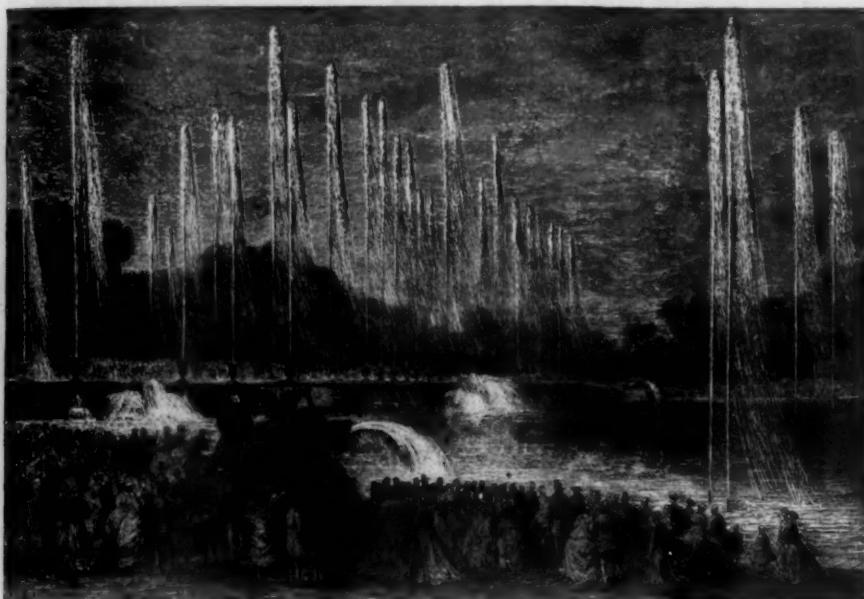
Leaving this beautiful work of art, which, however, must not be confounded with the large basin of Apollo, which we shall describe later, we pass out through a gate, and, descending once more the grand staircase, find ourselves facing the basin of Latona, one of the principal groups in this world of fountains.

This fountain is composed of five circular basins of red marble, rising one above another, in pyramidal form, and surmounted by a group, in white marble, of Latona, with her children, Diana and Apollo. She is represented as imploring the vengeance of Jupiter upon the cruel peasantry of Libya, who refused them a draught of water when

water here falls over rocks ornamented with shells and surrounded by handsome vases and bronze torches bearing heads of Bacchantes, lions, etc.

Passing by the small fountain of Bacchus and over the beautiful English-looking turf of the Tapis Vert, we find ourselves opposite the basin of Apollo, which is situated at the head of the Grand Canal and of which we give a fine illustration. This basin is one of the largest and most important of all the fountains, being exceeded only in consequence by the grand basin of Neptune. It is three hundred and sixty feet long by two hundred and seventy feet wide.

In the centre is the group of Apollo in his chariot, drawn by four spirited horses and attended by four tritons astride of dolphins.



BASIN OF NEPTUNE AT VERSAILLES.

fleeing, weak and weary, from their enemies. Jupiter, in answer to her prayer, converts the peasants into frogs and lizards, and this scene is exhibited in the various stages of transformation—some have already become frogs, others, half human, half lizard, are posed in many attitudes, clinging to the sides of the different basins, and shooting forth water on the central group of figures.

Having gazed upon this fine fountain until satisfied, we will again ascend the grand staircase, and, turning to the right, come upon the Bosquet de la Cascade, or the Salle de Bal, it having been in this beautiful retreat that many of the brilliant *folies* of the reign of Louis XIV took place. The

As this fountain only plays on certain days, and during the rest of the time is destitute of water, this group is jestingly called "*le Char embaumé*," that is, "the chariot embedded in the mire." But its time of triumph comes, as it surely does to all patient waiting, and when its waters play it appears to rejoice in its own beauty and the pleasure it gives to the beholders. It flings proudly up toward heaven three powerful jets of water, in the midst of which we perceive the God of Day and of the Sun, illuminated by its rays, as it penetrates and transforms into silver and gold the misty shower which descends upon him.

At the foot of this superb fountain is the Grand Canal, upward of three-quarters of a mile in

length, and which empties itself into another large basin at the opposite extremity. It has two secondary branches, one of which flows in the direction of the Ancient Menagerie, which was swept away in 1793, and the other stretches northward as far as the Château de Trianon. Under Louis XIV this canal was covered with boats of all varieties, conspicuous among them being the Venetian gondolas. These boats were in charge of four hundred sailors, for whose accommodation a village was built in the neighboring forest, which gained, in consequence, the *soubriquet* of the Forest of the Sailors. Here generally terminated the *flètes* in a magnificent display of fireworks; and in 1770, in order to celebrate the marriage of the Dauphin, there was elevated here an immense sun of fire, which lighted up all the horizon, the brilliancy of which was enhanced by two hundred vessels hung with colored lamps and floating on the placid bosom of the waters, which reflected the brilliant dresses and bewitching forms of the beautiful ladies of Louis's court. Our imagination can but recall the wonderful Arabian Nights, feeling as though Aladdin's lamp must have been in the possession of the mortal who could conceive and put into execution such a bewildering glimpse of fairyland.

We will now return to the Tapis Vert, and, wending our way to the grand fountain of Neptune, pause for an instant to view the basin d'Encelade.

Enceladus was supposed to have been a giant, who, aspiring to climb to heaven, was punished by the gods for his audacity, and buried beneath Mount Etna, and so the fountain represents the monster—overwhelmed by huge rocks and spouting from his mouth an immense body of water, exceeding in height all the other fountains in Versailles.

Resuming our investigations and taking a path to the right, we at last come to the monarch of all these fountains, the magnificent basin of Neptune, made so, not only by its sculptures and ornaments, but by the abundance of its waters, which are brought from the other side of the Park and are denominated, "*les Grandes Eaux*."

This fountain commences to play after all the others have finished, and it is almost impossible to give in words even a faint idea of its beauty when in action. Every god, every triton, every naiad, even the nostrils of the sea-horses, throw out fine jets of water with wonderful volume and force, and, uniting high in air, form a brilliant cascade, which falls into the waters of the basin, causing them to boil and foam like an angry sea under the lash of the tempest. Every time this fountain plays it does so at the cost of ten thousand francs, or two thousand dollars.

By looking at our engraving we will perceive that the upper margin is ornamented by twenty-two leaden vases with five bas-reliefs, and the

decoration is completed by three immense groups of sculpture. The central one was the last executed, and was placed in position some time after the rest. It consists of the god Neptune and his queen Amphitrite, seated in a large sea-shell. Neptune, armed with his trident, is crowned with the spoils of a marine monster, who pours from his open jaws a great volume of water. This group is attended by tritons riding dolphins, and naiads floating on the water, and was executed by Sigisbert Adam.

On the right is the group by Bouchardon, of Proteus, to whom was intrusted the care of the marine animals, and the group to the left, executed by Lemoine, represents Ocean, leaning on a colossal unicorn, and surrounded by urns, a forest of reeds, and two curious fishes. In the two angles of the basin are dolphins bearing Cupids.

We gaze upon this magnificent fountain lost to all thought but that of its beauty, until we are recalled to reality by the ceasing of its waters and the consciousness that we have yet more beauties and wonders to discover in this enchanting place.

Passing through the Allée d'Eau, a pretty walk bordered by trees and fountains, we come to the fountain of the Pyramid, designed and executed by Girardin. It is composed of four basins elevated one over the other and ornamented with the claws of lions. At last, we emerge from the English garden of Louis XVIII, and find ourselves in the Bosquet de la Reine, which has taken the place of the Ancient Labyrinth.

This Labyrinth, of which we present to our readers a fine representation in the accompanying picture, does not now exist in its former splendor as under its original name. It has been restored, it is true, but is shorn of much of its beauty, and exists as the Bosquet de la Reine. In the time of Louis XIV it was formed of many interlacing paths, turning and twisting until they became lost in inextricable confusion. At the turning of each allée was to be found a fountain ornamented by two basins in rock-work and a sculpture representing a fable of Aesop, with devices and verses on the pedestal. At the entrance of the Labyrinth were placed the statues of Aesop and Love. The fountains were forty in number, and illustrated as many of Aesop's Fables.

We have been obliged, for want of space, to omit mentioning many of the minor fountains, but cannot close without referring to the Piece d'Eau des Suisses, so called because Louis XIV employed a regiment of Swiss in its construction. Its dimensions are thirteen hundred feet long by four hundred and fifty feet wide, and has been the scene of many merry-makings. It is with our minds filled with the image of this magnificent body of water, stretching out its golden length like a mirror reflecting the rays of the sun, and surrounded by its beautiful groves of trees, which

found the clear horizon, that we leave Versailles, thanking from our hearts the careful and watchful administration that has preserved and kept in order this beautiful place for our pleasure in this nineteenth century.

These repairs were commenced in 1851 and 1852, and were completed with as much speed as was consistent with thorough work.

H. S. ATWATER.

OUR BOYS—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

UNDER this head *Chambers's Journal* offers some practical suggestions as helps toward the solution of one of the difficult and perplexing problems of the day. After referring to the street "Arab," whose chances for schooling, except what the street can give, are rare and uncertain, the article continues :

" Let us direct our attention to the boys of the middle and lower-middle classes, and what do we find to be the case? The latter must necessarily begin early to earn their living, and a lad will probably, therefore, leave school at thirteen or fourteen years of age, having most likely obtained a fair, though somewhat superficial, knowledge of the three Rs, a smattering of history and geography, and also, perhaps, a slight notion of drawing and singing; and thus equipped, he goes forth to the battle of life. The lad considers himself, and is felt by his parents, especially if they are comparatively uneducated, to be a scholar. He despairs the notion of manual labor, would fain keep his hands clean and be a gentleman; so, instead of being bound apprentice to a carpenter or bricklayer or finding any other like employment, he seeks a situation in an already overstocked market as office-boy or junior clerk, with the further disadvantage of having no higher idea of his vocation than that already stated, no conviction of the necessity for hard work, of a regard for the interests of his employers, and a conscientious discharge of duty generally. His first desire is to be, or at least to appear to be, a gentleman; and toward the accomplishment of this end, sham jewelry, a smart cane, a cigar, and other items involving unwarrantable expenditure are necessary acquisitions. These, it need scarcely be said, are stepping-stones to questionable companionship and debasing amusements, the sequel to which is too often sadly supplied by the police intelligence in the daily newspapers. There are, no doubt, many happy exceptions to this melancholy picture; but, with sundry modifications, it will too frequently be found true, and it behoves those who have the well-being of society at heart to look for the cause, and, if possible, find a remedy for this growing evil.

" There are, doubtless, a few old-fashioned people even now who would be ready to affirm that our elaborate system of school education is at the root of the trouble; that a boy who has his living to get needs only to be able to read a little, sign his name, and add up a few figures; and even though we cannot altogether adopt these views, we may yet find that they are not wanting in a few grains of truth. In order to 'get on,' a boy should certainly be able to read and write with correctness and fluency and be well grounded in the principles, as well as the working, of the first four rules of arithmetic, so that his thinking powers may be cultivated. But it is a question whether a smattering of mere accomplishments is not harmful rather than otherwise, unless the lad shows a decided bent in the direction of any of these and his parents are in a position to afford him time and opportunity for their full development.

" As things exist, however, it is to be feared that thoroughness in any branch of knowledge is too often sacrificed in the cramming process, and what will be useful to the lad in after-life comes to be regarded as a matter of small importance compared with the 'show' he will be able to make before the government inspector. Perhaps the last thing for which, under the present system, there is time, or that the schoolmaster deems it necessary to impress upon his scholars, is the dignity of labor of every kind and the importance of right conduct and high moral principle. If this were done—if, in the education of a lad the dominant idea were that work, whether of the hand or the head, is a law of existence, and that it is not work which degrades or ennobles the worker, but the spirit in which it is performed—we might fairly hope that a different spirit from that which prevails would arise among the youth of this land, and that we should seldom hear of idle and dishonest clerks or of mechanics doing the smallest possible modicum of work for the greatest possible amount of pay.

" To the sons of those a step or two higher up the social ladder, this question of fitness in the matter of education will equally apply. If a lad is intended for a learned profession, Latin, Greek, mathematics, etc., will be absolutely necessary for him, and only his capacity need fix the limit to his mental diet; for it must be remembered that in no case is cramming aught but an evil. But where a youth is destined for commercial life, it is a question whether the time spent in studying the classics is not rather a loss than a gain and would not be far more usefully occupied in the acquirement of French, German, and book-keeping thoroughly and practically, as well as to the writing of a good business hand, an art too little cultivated in most boys' schools. Another important point is that the lad intended for business should not be kept too long at school, the

effect of which is frequently to fill him with inflated notions of his own importance and unfit him for the necessary drudgery he must undergo. Habits of independence and self-reliance cannot be acquired too early; and if, in addition to these, the boy's powers of thought and observation have

been cultivated, and, above all, he has been trained in uprightness of conduct and straightforwardness of purpose, guided by high moral principle, we may rest assured that what could be done has been done, and that we need have little fear for the future of the boy."



THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

GO, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hast thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have, uncommended, died.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired—
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER.

CAIRO.

THE inhabitants of Cairo have certain privileges. They are not liable to the conscription, for example. The country people have no protection against the conscription, and look at a born "Masri," or Cairene, with great respect. In a nation where some twenty or thirty names have to do for the whole population, a nickname is very useful; and among Nile sailors and other walks of low life, Masri forms a common, convenient, and honorable appellation. The seller of sherbet in the picture is a typical Masri. His dress is beautifully clean and neat; he rattles two bowls as he goes, and he fills one of them from his enormous bottle, if you ask for a drink, by stooping his body till the sweet beverage runs out. A Cairene of this class wears an inner gown of striped stuff—red and yellow, or blue and white—buttoned up to his throat, and over it a long robe of dazzling whiteness. He has short, wide, loose drawers and red or yellow slippers, down at the heel. On his head is a round-topped fer, with a white turban round it. He is carefully shaved, except on the upper lip, and his skin is smooth and shining, and of a rich mahogany color.

The water-carrier in the other cut is of a somewhat different type. His employment is not so remunerative. All day long in the narrow streets of the old town you hear the "clank, clank" of the brass cups and the protracted cry "Moia"—Water. In Alexandria they say "Mia," but both forms are corruptions of the original Arabic "Ma." Like fully half the native people you meet, he has only one eye or is actually suffering from ophthalmia. He will probably, if so, lose his sight, for if he dresses it at all, it is with some nostrum of his native doctor, and it is more than likely that instead of any dressing he has a text from the Koran neatly written out and folded into the turban which covers the injured organ. There is a still lower order of water-carriers, that of the "Sakkas." They water the streets from an ass' skin, which they carry strapped on their backs, holding tight in one hand the orifice at the neck of the bag. They are much employed in filling cisterns and barrels, and are enormously strong, physically. One night at a great fire nobody could find the water-plug at first, and when it was found no one could unlock it, for it had never been used and never inspected since it was laid down, half a dozen years ago. Meanwhile every Sakka in Cairo had been summoned from his bed and a plentiful supply of water was obtained as they filed one by one up from the canal, emptied their skins into the engine, and returned for a further supply. They were all short, thick-set men, such as one might picture Sinbad the porter as he appeared before Sinbad the sailor. The people of this class and others of a similar low rank in life are miser-

ably housed in Cairo. They spend their day in the open air, and retire at night to a hovel of mud, very often without a roof, where, if they are rich, they sleep on a bed made of palm-sticks, and, if poor, on a bench of mud like their walls. Their wives keep a stock of miserable little fowls, which



A SHERBET-SELLER.

lay eggs about the size of a good pigeon's egg here.

Women of this class wear in their houses a striped cotton dress, not very long, generally red and white; but never appear out-of-doors except in dark blue. A red handkerchief is bound about

the head, and over it is a long blue veil or hood; and nothing would distress a woman more than to let you see her hair. The face-veil is rare. It is, in fact, no necessary part of native Egyptian cos-



A WATER-CARRIER.

tume, and is never worn in remote places. But in most parts of the Delta it is common, and universal among the upper classes in Cairo.

THE OLD-TIME SINGING SCHOOL.

(UNCLE JOE'S REVERIE.)

THAT singing school at Barberry Point, some threescore years ago!—
I see the rude, bare-raftered room, the candle-dips aglow—
The sunburnt lads and lasses, each with well-thumbed book outspread,
And Jotham Green, the teacher, keeping time with hands and head;

Myself, a bashful farmer-boy, in homespun suit arrayed,

In blushing, trembling blissfulness beside one dark-eyed maid;

Her bird-like voice soared up aloft;—methinks I hear it yet;

Ah! then I dreamed that life for us would prove one long duet.

If I had music in my soul, somehow 'twas there confined—

In do, ra, me, my grum bass voice lagged far along behind;

The tenor—how he quavered, swelled, and rolled the notes along

And begged my Nancy just to try the air of each new song!

Well, long before that school was out, I plainly saw the end—

She told me I could never be aught but her faithful friend.

That tenor fellow married her;—they called him shrewd and smart;

Poor girl! she found out all too soon he only lacked a heart.

On many a freezing, winter night, after some drunken spree,

I've sought him out, for her dear sake, and coaxed him home with me;

But when they laid her pale, worn face down underneath the sod,

I, who had loved her best of all, breathed one short prayer—“Thank God!”

Her little ones—I brought them up, and 'twas my only aim

To train them as she would have wished, despite their father's shame.

They've paid me back an hundredfold;—my humble work was blessed;

Their children's children climb my knees and sleep upon my breast.

Up in that better world above, praise Heaven! there's not a doubt

The snarls that folks get into here are somehow straightened out;

My Nancy sings in glory there;—maybe, some time she'll know

How tender would have been the love of faithful, blundering Joe.

RUTH REVERE.

IT is neither safe, respectable, nor wise to bring any youth to manhood without a regular calling. Industry, like idleness, is a matter of habit. No idle boy will make an active and industrious and useful man.

JAMES VICK.

WHEREVER flowers bloom and grasses grow throughout America the name of this eminent florist is known, loved, and honored. To him, more than any other, are the people indebted during the last thirty years for judicious training and stimulating encouragement in the exquisite art of floriculture.

When extraordinary success in life is achieved from the smallest beginnings, and a man dies honored, beloved, and beneficent in good deeds, it is natural to ask: "How did he accomplish these results? What principles actuated him? What has made him great?"

Let us look at the elements of this man's life, so loved and useful, and take inspiration from the footprints he has left—

"Footprints, that perhaps another—
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, shall take heart again."

James Vick was born in Portsmouth, England, but came to New York city with his parents when fifteen years old, and was immediately placed by them to learn the printer's trade. After becoming a practical printer he set type in the composing-room of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* with Horace Greeley, and the friendship begun then continued unabated through that eminent journalist's life. His youth was singularly pure and free from vice and marked by disinterested kindness to others, respect to his superiors, faithfulness to his parents and daily duties, and reverence for all good things.

These years and those to follow were also characterized by a student's love of books and an intense love of nature. His fondness for trees, plants, and flowers became a passion. Every spare hour was spent in the study of their nature, habits, and beauties, until his knowledge in this line became extensive enough to have compiled a botany, and his later career forcibly justifies the wisdom of following the bent of one's native taste or talent in study.

After a term of years Mr. Vick removed to Rochester, New York, still pursuing his trade as compositor in different newspaper offices, and finally buying an interest in the *Rochester Democrat*, which after a few months was sold that he might publish a paper called the *North Star*, an anti-slavery organ. During this time he contributed frequent racy articles to the *Genesee Farmer*, published by the much-lamented Luther Tucker,

and not long after became its editor, in 1850 assuming its publication and running its circulation up to fifty thousand. Three years later he purchased the *Horticulturalist* at Albany, removing it to Rochester. A youth of rectitude, economy, diligence, and energy was beginning already to reap success.

In 1857 he became the horticultural editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, and then began the seed enterprise which ultimately gave him a worldwide reputation. He imported seeds from England and bulbs from Holland, testing them in his own little garden, in which every nook of ground was made available, and as his stock and means increased, little gardens sprung to life on Monroe Avenue, Goodman, and Main Streets, and glowed



with beauty. In his paper he described flowers and plants, illustrating with engravings—thus educating the popular taste. The crisp raciness of his style, illuminated by a genial, kindly soul and devotion to its object, rendered everything from his pen extremely popular. Meanwhile his traffic in seeds was assuming such proportions that from 1860 he decided to give up the remainder of his life to this important business. Gradually he set up his seed and bulb warehouses, which became hives of industry, where hundreds of skilled operatives were employed in preparing and sending abroad the products of his gardens, issuing his catalogues and charming *Floral Guides*, monthly

magazine, and other periodicals. Of the *Floral Guide* alone two hundred and fifty thousand have been mailed yearly.

It was a common occurrence to receive three thousand letters of orders and inquiries per day, and the postage of this vast establishment often amounted to thirty thousand dollars in one year. Very touchingly does his son allude to the days gone by, "when father brought home in his pocket the entire day's mail, and when he was allowed to earn his first spending-money making little seed-bags by the thousand. After supper father would take the few orders received during the day to an upper room in the house, arranged for this purpose, and there call off the articles named in the order, while his youthful assistant would run around the room, gathering from the boxes the various seeds wanted. The next morning father might be seen carrying a market-basket neatly covered over with paper to the Post Office. This was the extent of our mail then. What a contrast between that and at the time of his death, when, instead of the little four-page catalogue of early date, he mailed nearly a quarter of a million *Floral Guides* and often received, daily, over three thousand letters! All these changes our dear father lived to see, and yet was never too busy to wear a cheerful face or say a kind word."

Busy he certainly was, and driven by the variety and detail of his great business, but not too hurried to keep pure and clean the fountain within, from whence spring all kindly virtues—all noble deeds; not too busy to bend his kind ear to a child asking for a flower, or to arrange with his own hands a floral offering for some poor widow's dead.

We see him now in his beautiful gardens or hot-houses, his eyes beaming with pleasure over some opening bud, inhaling the delicious fragrance with ever-new delight, or, with animated face, discoursing on some new, rare plant with the enthusiasm of an artist. *Artist* he certainly was. Human life is everywhere made up of illusions and hard realities. Of these illusions many are an eternal source of joy—such as the images that glow under the poet's wand and the harmonies of color in art and nature. These waken an inner music in the soul and exalt its nature and sympathies. To a very striking degree was this true of Mr. Vick. Hear the poetical ring of his own words:

"I have labored to teach the people to love and cultivate flowers, for it is one of the few pleasures that improve alike the mind and the heart and make every true lover of these beautiful creations of Infinite Love wiser, purer, and nobler. It teaches industry, patience, faith, and hope. * * * It is a pleasure that brings no pain—a sweet without a snare. We gaze upon the beautiful plants and brilliant flowers with a delicious commingling of admiration and love. They are the offspring

of our forethought, taste, and care—a mysterious and glorious creation. They grew, truly, but very like the stars and the rainbow."

Mr. Vick's vast correspondence and the publication of his *Floral Guide* and magazine have rapidly diffused a taste for floriculture among the masses hitherto unknown in America. The homes of the poor in the dreariest spots—those of the pioneer in far-off Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Texas—became spots of beauty, blooming like the rose, under Mr. Vick's encouragement and judicious teaching. Many a woman's heart, aching under its limitations and burdens, has found cheer and inspiration to the refinements and beauties of existence through his influence. Many a man has been stimulated to efforts for the adornment of his grounds and improvement of his home by the charming *Guide* upon his table, who would otherwise have spent his spare moments in idleness or dissipation. Hosts of children have caught the infection, laying by their hoarded pennies for seeds and plants, and laboring with flushed faces and joyous hearts to "help papa" in the garden, or in their own private nooks studying the mysteries of seed and bulb.

Far-reaching as the limitless prairies from the rugged coast of Maine has been the influence of this noble life—with its sunny heart and smile, its intense love of nature, its symmetry and order, its stanch integrity, its beneficence and love for humanity and God. Say not that such men die.

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
"So, when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

Mr. Vick was for many years a corresponding member of the Royal Horticultural Society of England and Secretary of the American Pomological Society. Frequent communication with foreign lands sharpened his intellectual life and deepened his already passionate love of the beautiful in nature. Its potent results were seen in the beauty of the parks in his own and other cities and the freedom which he extended to travelers in his own gardens, where a feast of beauty was perpetually spread during the summer months and practical lessons exemplified.

Mr. Vick was Superintendent of the Sunday-school for twenty-five years in the church where his genial presence so long lent both practical and unconscious aid to pastor and people. Perhaps nowhere was his great personal magnetism more conspicuous than among the children. He loved them with all his heart, and the children knew it—as what child does not yield to the potent spell of a child-lover?

Much of the influence which he exerted and success which he attained is due to this strong personal magnetism which he was able to infuse into his publications and correspondence. It was as though a *friend* took you by the hand and sat by your fireside, or strolled through your garden-plot, sympathizing with your condition and circumstances and thoroughly cognizant of your need, and who would in nowise advise you selfishly or unwisely. Practicing the strictest integrity with both employees and patrons, dispensing noble charities and kindness in every walk of life, what wonder that success crowned the years!

When fatal illness came upon him, Mr. Vick was still planning improvements and enlargements—still beautifying the grounds which will continue to be a joy to the beholder. So

"Death takes us by surprise
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies—
Our lives are incomplete."

From the midst of the flowers he loved—those smiles of God—he was carried gently to the gardens of the Lord and crowned with the amaranths of Heaven. To the loving ones about him, when surprised by the call of death, he said: "Man may make blunders, but the Lord does all things well. He will take care of you. God bless you all!"—and died as peacefully as shuts the lily's cup or the roses that he loved so well.

The crowning beauty of his life was seen in his domestic relations. As son, husband, father, his was a life without a flaw. We dare not venture to touch the loss and grief of those who "were brought up by his side with great delight," but as for us, who miss his illuminating presence—

"Something is gone from Nature since he died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be!"

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

SONNET.

WHEN I shall die I would not my grave be
Shadowed by any chilling granite high,
And overwrought with words; but I
would lie,
If so I may, beneath some forest tree,
Haunted all day by my loved minstrelsy
Of birds and whisp'ring winds that ever seem
To the rapt sense like sweet sounds in a dream—
Fragments of some angelic harmony.
So would I rest close to some loved spot where,
Oft on that solemn, silent hour of eve,
Ere yet the stars have wakened, doth mine ear
Catch a deep cadence through the misty air—
Not wind nor stream, doth my rapt soul believe,
But voice of God by Nature, echoed near.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

SOME remarkable answers are sometimes given by children in response to questions put to them in school. A teacher asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite;" and after a brief pause, one little boy said: "I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm 'appy; and when I'm done I'm tight."

Children frequently put puzzling questions at home to their parents on various subjects, as is evinced by the one which a smart boy, who had been reading the newspaper, put to his father. "Pa, has the world got a tail?" "No, my boy, it is quite round," replied his parent. "Well," persisted young hopeful, "why do the papers say, 'so wags the world,' if it aint got a tail?"

As an instance of juvenile precocity we may mention the stratagem employed by a little six-year old fellow whose mother had told him that it was impolite to ask for cakes or other things which they might see being prepared while visiting at other people's houses. Calling at a house in the neighborhood where a cake was being made, he eyed the precious composition very wistfully for some time without speaking, but at last he ventured to say in an undertone: "Mother says it's not polite to ask for cake." "No," was the reply; "it does not look well for little boys to do so." "But she didn't say I must not eat a piece in case you gave it to me," was the unanswerable rejoinder.

Of a similar kind was the suggestion of a little girl who, while at a party, had left upon the table half an orange. On passing the house the next morning she thought of the orange, and, feeling like finishing it, she entered and said to the lady: "Mrs. M——, I left part of an orange here last night, and I have called to see about it. If you cannot find it you needn't trouble yourself about it, as a whole small orange will do just as well."

Children, if permitted, will sometimes try to argue a question; but it is seldom that they venture on closing an argument when it is particularly addressed to them. A certain Aunt Betsy was, however, trying to persuade her little nephew to go to bed, and, by way of argument, said that all the little chickens went to roost at sunset. "Yes," replied the boy; "but the old hen always goes with them."

A little girl who had heard that every one was made of dust, was one day standing at the window, and appeared to be very intently watching the eddies of that staple of creation as they were whirled up by the wind. Her mother, observing her, asked her what she was thinking about; and she responded, in a very serious tone: "I thought, mamma, that there was going to be another little girl." This, however, was not so precocious an answer as that wrung from another little girl who

was reprimanded for playing with the boys, and was told that being seven years old she was too big for that now. "Why, grandma," she replied, "the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

Some children are often amusing by reason of their conceit, as in the case of the young French gentleman of the mature age of five, who, on being told that the baby wanted to kiss him, said: "Yes; he takes me for his papa."

Amusing answers also occur when attempts are made to tax a child's memory about things with which it may be imperfectly acquainted. In this category may be reckoned the two following incidents:

"Well, my child," said a father to his little daughter, after she had been to church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?" "Nothing," was the timid reply. "Nothing?" he exclaimed, in a severe tone. "Now, remember, the next time you must tell me something of what he says, or you will have to be punished." Next Sunday the child came home with her eyes all wild with excitement. "I remember something to-day, papa," she cried, eagerly. "I am very glad of it," said her father. "What did he say?" "He said: 'A collection will now be made!'"

We will close by an amusing example of childish skepticism. A little boy about four years of age was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, and when he had finished the Lord's Prayer she said: "Now, Willie, ask God to make you a good boy." The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments, as if in deep thought, and then startled her with the reply: "It's no use, mamma. He won't do it. I've asked Him a heap o' times."

THE WILD CAT.

THE problem of the origin of the cat, like that of the beginnings of all our domesticated breeds and races of animals, appears to be well-nigh insoluble, in so far, at least, as the tracing of the lines along which the numerous variations have proceeded is concerned. But analogy steps in to aid the work of the philosophic naturalist in his search after the causes which have wrought out the existing order of living nature. That which it is possible at present to ascertain are the results of the variation he sees taking place in the animals around him, and the details already at his command respecting the manner in which living animals and plants produce varieties before his eyes to-day tend to show him the possibilities which the unknown past has locked up in its embrace. The wild cat (*Felis catus*) assumes a special interest in the eyes of naturalists, because, whatever may have been its share in the formation of our domestic breeds, it represents, at least,

a distinct "feral," or wild stock, with all its individuality patent and apparent to zoological eyes.

The word "cat" is probably derived from the Latin *catus*; and the Greek *σάττα*, is, of course, an allied term. How ancient the cat-stock may be in its relations with man we know not, but evidence exists that in Sanscrit records at least two thousands years old the cat is mentioned, and Egyptian records, carrying us back to the age of the picture-language of that strange land, testify, as also do the mummies of these animals, to the ancient nature of the race. The Egyptian cat-mummies were declared by De Blainville to belong to at least three distinct species. These were *Felis chaus*, the common jungle cat, found to-day in India; *Felis bubastes*, and *Felis caligulata*. "The two latter species," Mr. Darwin remarks, "are said to be still found wild and domesticated, in parts of Egypt. We know that the cat, or rather a cat, was domesticated in Egypt at least one thousand three hundred years before the Christian era, and archaeological lore informs us that in Egypt the cat was worshiped as a deity. Ancient history informs us, likewise, that mourning and lamentation followed the death of a cat in ancient Egypt—a habit which contrasts very forcibly indeed with the disregard, and often wholesale torture, of our domestic felines by certain savage tribes of to-day. In Hindostan, history, which takes us back some two thousand years, mentions the cat as a domesticated animal; and it was as certainly tamed in Europe before the time of Christ. Antiquarian records disclose the fact that the cat was held in high esteem at a period not so very far back after all, even in British history. We know of the plentifullness of the wild cat in mediæval times from the fact that its fur was largely used as a dress material in the shape of trimmings. Now the wild cat is a scarce animal, which the next decade may see as extinct as the dodo itself. At present it has been exterminated in England. The Scottish gamekeeper in Skye and in the Highlands occasionally shoots a specimen; but, with the exception of these northern parts, the British Isles know the *Felis catus* no more. Ireland's immunity from the reptile tribes is paralleled by its freedom from the wild cat. According to a good authority, the so-called "wild cats" of the sister isle are merely the young of domestic cats which have developed feral instincts.

On the Continent the wild cat is still plentifully met with. It is not found in Norway or Sweden, but it is common in Southern Russia and in the European borders of Asia, while in Southern and Western Europe it is accounted by no means an uncommon animal.

The special features of the common wild cat are not by any means difficult to detail. Its color is, firstly, a decided gray, through which, however, there runs a yellowish tint. Along the back of

the cat, and in a line with the spine, runs a well-marked black stripe; and from this stripe, descending the sides and barring the legs, we find very decided dark, or even black, striped and markings. The tail is likewise "ringed" with black and its tip is markedly black. The tail forms a characteristic feature of wild cat anatomy. It is invariably thick, and is decidedly shorter than the tail of the domesticated cat. The male wild cats possess the soles of the feet colored of a very deep black. In its build of body this cat also differs from the tame races. Its head is thus of a decidedly stouter and shorter make, and its whole frame, including the skeleton, is more compact than that of our common varieties. In size, there can be no doubt that the wild cat much exceeds its domesticated neighbors. Specimens measuring nearly four feet—tail included—have been met with; but a more usual length of body alone is from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches, the tail on an average measuring twelve or thirteen inches.

By way of comparison, it may be interesting to note the characters of another species of cat, which is unquestionably entitled to rank as a highly distinctive form. This is the Egyptian cat (*Felis manulata*) which is the parent of the domesticated varieties of Egypt, while some authorities elect to believe that the blood of this species is traceable in our own cats. Inhabiting the north of Africa, the Egyptian cat averages the domestic cat in size. The general color is a light, tawny hue, mingled with a more or less decided shade of gray. The limbs are very distinctly striped, but the body is only faintly marked with black, while the tail, which is ringed, is black at its tip, like that of the wild cat itself.

The habits of the wild cat in its native habitat present us with a repetition in many essential details of the habits and instincts of larger *Felidae*. It is by no means a gregarious animal, but appears to lead, on the contrary, a somewhat solitary life. It rests by day, but when the evening shades pre-

vail, the wild cat awakens up to activity. Then, roaming abroad, the feral instincts find a free sway in the pursuit of prey. Climbing the trees with dexterity and skill, the *Catus* makes its way into the nests of birds, disturbing their inmates, which fly for dear life, happy if they themselves, in escaping, leave no tender young behind to the mercies of the cat; or, on a lower level, the cat may disturb the wild duck which has sunk to rest in its swampy nest and which wings its flight



A MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

across the swamp with a cry that serves to warn its neighbors of some impending danger and that awakens the echoes around. At other times, the capture of the wary hare or suspicious rabbit forms the nocturnal business of the wild cat, but, like its congeners of the tropical jungle, if it misses its aim it never pursues the prey, but returns to its lair a disappointed feline. The wild cat does not appear to flinch at the idea of swimming, even for long distances; and it has been known to capture fish and aquatic birds with great dexterity.

Although the wild cat may be said to avoid rather than to seek man, and although shy of man's presence, yet, when brought to bay, this animal may prove itself to be anything but a con-

fury of the quarry when it discovers itself hotly pursued, in turn, constitutes a source of danger to the hunter. In the winter season, when the wild cat ventures further abroad in search of prey than



THE WILD CAT.

temptible foe. Hunting the wild cat is by no means either a safe or easy matter. It is a sport which, firstly, may lead its pursuer into well-nigh

in summer, the hunter sets out in pursuit of his game. The tracks in the snow guide him to the habitat of the feline, and within the woods he most frequently comes face to face with the fierce

marauder. Lithe and wary, the infuriated cat may spring on the hunter when wounded and may inflict injuries of a very severe nature.

A notable trait of wild-cat character consists in the curious fact that, like the fox, this cat will literally hover round the dead body of a slain comrade. On what mental basis such a habit is explicable, is, of course, a difficult matter to determine. But the fact that the fox and other animals exhibit the same proclivity to visit the locality where another animal of the race has fallen a victim to the snares and wiles of man appears to prove that the habit has a deep-rooted origin in the history of the race. Even monkeys will congregate round the body of a deceased comrade. I do not know whether this habit has been observed in monkeys in a state of nature, but in those kept in captivity it certainly does occur. I have observed the monkeys in my cage to literally crowd round, and to even sit upon, the body of a dead friend whose remains were allowed, experimentally, to rest awhile in the monkey house. Possibly some idea of impending danger to the race may attract the survivors, just as some dim conception of mystery concerning a sick brother—who is tormented by the living—may explain why an invalid animal, beast, or bird is rarely left in peace by its neighbors.

The animal known as "wild cat" in the United States differs in several particulars from the one so called in Europe. Both are members of the great feline family, and by some naturalists are considered merely distinct species of one genus. But the European wild cat more nearly resembles the common domestic cat, and the latter seems literally a degenerate variety of the former; but the American wild cat is more properly a lynx. The European animal is generally known as *Felis catus*; the American, as *Felis* or *Lynx rufus*. Both in general appearance resemble the common cat, and are not very much larger in size than a finely developed specimen of the domestic animal, but the American wild cat is more ferocious in aspect, and is, indeed, when attacked, quite vicious.

The wild cat, or, as it is sometimes called, the Bay lynx, is thus described by Audubon and Bachman: "Head of moderate size, rounded; body rather slender; legs long; soles of feet naked; hind feet webbed to within five-eighths of an inch of claws; ears large, nearly triangular, erect, tipped with coarse hairs half an inch long, which drop out in summer, inner surface sprinkled with loose hairs, outer thickly covered with coarse fur. A ruff of elongated hairs surrounding throat, more prominent in the male than the female; tail, short, slender, and slightly turned upward." In color the wild cat varies from shaded grays to shaded browns, no two specimens being precisely alike, so that some Western cats described as dis-

tinct species on account of their color are probably only varieties. Nearly all, whether light or dark, agree in having stripes on the back, spots on the side, and white patches behind the ear. The wild cat resembles the Canada lynx, but the latter has larger feet, tufted ears, and is lighter in color, generally gray. Although perhaps half a dozen varieties of lynx have been enumerated, we probably have, throughout the country, but two distinct species—the wild cat just described (*Lynx rufus*) and the Canada lynx (*Lynx Canadensis*).

The wild cat inhabits, as a rule, mountains and forests, like those of Pennsylvania, swamps and cane-brakes, like those of the Southern States, and other inaccessible regions. It is carnivorous, living on rabbits, rats, frogs, birds, and such fish as it can catch in shallow water. The stories told of its ferocity, such as attacking children and the like, are improbable; the wild cat is afraid of man, and keeps away from human habitations, though it will defend itself bravely. Its sharp teeth, bristling hairs, and large, rolling eyes make it appear more vicious than it really is. The instinct of this animal, especially as applied to self-protection, is so remarkable as to approach the borders of reason. Its muscular power is wonderful, and it can run, swim, leap, and climb with almost equal facility.

When pursued by hunters its first aim is to throw the dogs off the scent. This it does by running in small circles, crossing and recrossing its course among briars, tall grasses, and in other places in which it is difficult for hounds to follow. In forest districts it immediately runs to burnt patches, and literally distributes and loses the scent over the charred wood. In swamp it leaps backward and forward over the streams and pools of water. When it has thoroughly tired its pursuers, as it very often does, it leaps up the nearest tree or hides in a clump of bushes until nightfall. Sometimes hunters, while pursuing a wild cat, rouse a deer, which they immediately follow as better game, the inferior animal escaping. The inferior animal, however, seems far more capable of protecting itself. Even in its last extremity it will use its teeth and nails with fearful vigor.

The wild cat also shows remarkable instinct in supplying itself with food. It will follow a covey of partridges or a flock of turkeys for days, seeming as keen of scent as the hounds themselves. It is also very fond of eggs, and will mercilessly rob birds' nests, sucking every egg dry. On account of this fact the wild cat is sometimes caught in traps baited with eggs. The female is remarkably attached to her young; she hides them safely out of harm's way in her den in a hollow tree, thirty feet or more from the ground, or under a prostrate log, overgrown with vines and briars.

In some parts of our country the flesh of the

wild cat is esteemed as a delicacy. The meat is white and savory, resembling veal.

The wild cat has been domesticated, sometimes showing a certain degree of affection for the common cat. But, as a rule, the animal becomes even more vicious under restraint. Wild cats, when caged, have been known to tear to pieces with their teeth and nails the bars that confined them, attack all who opposed their progress, and literally bite and scratch their way back to liberty.

An ordinary specimen of the American wild cat is about thirty-five inches in length from the point of its nose to the tip of its tail. In height it is about two feet above ground.

M.

HEAVEN.

WHERE is our Heaven? we may not know.
Th' Eternal guards His secret well,
Nor beckoning hand, nor wings of snow,
Reveal the place where angels dwell.

When from our arms that cling in vain,
The spirit hastens to its goal,
We may not hear the seraph strain
That heralds home a new-born soul.

Man tracks the planets' course afar,
Seeks worlds in the remotest skies;
No radiance from the gates ajar
E'er gleams on his enraptured eyes.

Be comforted, O yearning heart!
It matters not where Heaven may be,
Since safe, of one great plan a part,
Our loved ones wait for you and me.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor yet can mortals understand;
We can but trust a Saviour's word,
His promise of a better land.

With blossoms pure our graves we strew,
Secure that, by a Father's grace,
The love that bound our hearts below
Will draw us to one dwelling-place.

RUTH REVERE.

THE EVERY-DAY AFFAIRS OF LIFE.—Neither learning nor philosophy nor advantages of any kind hold a monopoly of correct judgment as to the right and wrong of the every-day affairs of life. He who, with ordinary intelligence and a sincere desire to do right, trusts to his own instinctive idea of what is right is far more likely to decide wisely and to act justly than one who uses his brain to weave subtle arguments, to find specious excuses, evasions, and contradictions, or to discover some supposed conflict of duties which shakes his previous firm convictions.

WHAT THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH TOLD MARJORIE.

IT was such a pleasant room!—everything about it suggesting exquisite harmony and repose. There were soft rugs, easy chairs, and an open fire-place, bright and glowing; there were pictures and books and busts and flowers—and such flowers! Sweet-scented heliotrope, scarlet geraniums, a box of fragrant mignonette, and pansies—royal purple pansies, pure white pansies, and golden beauties. Such a feast as they were for the sunbeams! and those bright-eyed fairies had been dancing among them the live-long day. They were all gone now and the sensitive plant had gone to sleep long ago; but still Marjorie sat there in her low willow chair and the firelight shone on a very sober face, making the tears that are slowly chasing one another over the dimpled cheeks sparkle like diamonds. She is thinking, perhaps, of the days when the glowing coals told her wonderful stories; of the castles in air she had founded on these tales, and all the happiness compressed in a few short weeks; of the miserable, heart-breaking present.

"To think it should have happened to me!" she cries—"I, who always prided myself on being free from lovers, and actually laughed at girls when they talked of love and broken hearts. I'll never be so cruel again—never! for now, as Tom says, I 'know how it is myself,' and of all the ills that we are heir to, love is the worst, and of all horrid feelings, unreturned love is the most uncomfortable; for, of course, he wouldn't stay away a week, without even sending a message to tell me the reason, if he had the least regard for my feelings. But there! I won't think of him any more. If he comes back I'll be just as distant and dignified! I've a dozen minds not to see him at all. But, oh! why doesn't he come? My heart will break!"

Marjorie buried her face in her hands and the tears began to fall again.

The darkness deepened. It was very still—nothing to be heard but the crackling logs and the song of a stray cricket.

"Chir-r-p, chir-r-p, chirp, chirp, chirp!" it sang, and Marjorie was drowsily thinking that its voice wasn't as cheery as usual, when suddenly she started up.

The cricket was surely talking!

"Ah, ha! A little girl has found her doll stuffed with sawdust, eh?" it cried, in a shrill voice. "Well, well; you are not the first one, my dear. Your Aunt Katherine used to talk in just that way."

"My Aunt Katherine!" exclaimed Marjorie. "What under the sun do you know about her?"

"Well, I think I ought to know something about her," said the cricket in an injured tone,

"when we were friends from the time I first saw her—a little, toddling child—until she died; but, of course, if you don't want to hear—"

"Yes, indeed! Please tell me something about her. I've heard she was very beautiful."

"Yes; she was much prettier than you," said the cricket, with alarming candor. "Such glossy brown hair and soft, hazel eyes one doesn't see more than once in a lifetime. Her mouth was just large enough to curve into the sweetest, tenderest smile, and there was a pink spot on either cheek that showed a dimple when she laughed. She was very different from her sisters, who were gay girls—bent on going and having a good time. Your aunt (Katie, they called her) was quiet and retiring and never went out in the evening, though I used to think she would like to, sometimes; but some one had to stay at home, and 'twas always Katie. She would help them dress and see them off in her bright, cheery way; but when they were all gone she would come back here, looking so sad and downhearted that my heart ached for her. When alone, she always sat there where you are sitting, with her tiny, red slippers planted on the fender, and while she knitted she would tell me her troubles, and they were not few. Money wasn't plenty, and her mother being an invalid, all the care fell upon Katie's shoulders, and she wasn't equal to it. I would sit here and sing to her, trying to comfort her—I pitied her so, poor thing!"

The cricket looked downcast for a moment—then, brightening up, continued :

"It's a long lane that has no turning, they say; and there came a change in Katie's affairs, and for the better, it seemed. She went away for a few days once, and hadn't been back more than a week when, one night after her sisters had gone to a party, there came a knock at the door. Katie jumped up, her pale cheeks growing red as a rose, and I noticed she peeped into the mirror and rearranged her neckerchief before opening the door. I heard a deep, bass voice answering her greetings and peeped out of my hiding-place. I almost fainted—for there stood a man! He was handsome as a picture, having curly black hair, dark eyes, and a most fascinating smile; but I didn't like his looks. You laugh. Perhaps you think I was jealous. Just wait and see if I didn't have reason to dislike him.

"They seated themselves on each side the fireplace, and laughed and chatted the evening through. When he rose to go he stood there with his back to the fire, talking, and he talked all the way to the door—such a talker as he was! and as I think it over it doesn't seem to me he said anything either. Katie went to the door and held the candle to light him out, and I heard her asking him to come again, which I thought very unnecessary; and when he had really gone she came

back to me, with eyes shining like twin stars, and after she had blown out her candle she sat down and told me all about it; how she had gone to care for a sick friend (bless her kind heart!), and this man was the family doctor; she had seen a great deal of him; he had been very kind to her, and—and—that was all—but it was enough! I couldn't have chirped if I'd known the back log was going to fall on me the next moment, I knew what would follow so well.

"He came as regular as a clock after that, and would read to her while she sewed, or they would build castles by the hour. Ah! those were red-letter days for Katie! One night, about a month from the time of his first visit, he was unusually quiet for him, and sat there staring me out of countenance for the longest time! Finally he roused up, and, turning abruptly to Katie, he took both her busy hands in his own, and said, 'Katie, little Katie, I love you! Will you trust your life to me?' And Katie looked up, and then she looked down, with never a word, but oh! the look that shone from her lovely eyes! It dazzled me so I had to turn away, but I heard something that sounded like a kiss, and knew my worst fears were verified. I could stand no more, and sadly hopped to my bed under the hearthstone.

"There was a very busy time after that—a great deal of sewing going on, and, for a wonder, it all seemed to be for Katie. The man dropped in most any time of day, and she called him Fred, instead of formal Dr. Humphreys as before, and every one was so kind to her that her cup of joy was full and running over. But there came a day when all the bustle and hurry seemed to be over, and the work was put away; the Doctor came no more, either, and Katie went about in a listless way, with a face that grew thinner and whiter every day, though the pink spots on her cheeks burned brighter and brighter. I put two and two together, and was convinced that there had been trouble somewhere. Later Katie disappeared altogether, and her sisters walked softly about talking in low, hushed tones. From them I learned that Dr. Humphreys had left the country, and nothing had been heard from him. It was rumored that a forsaken wife had something to do with his disappearance. Poor Katie was very low; she grew worse from day to day, and at last closed her eyes forever on all earthly troubles. My beautiful, unselfish Katie! People said 'twas consumption, but I know better—it was a broken heart!" And the cricket wiped away a tear.

"You don't think I would ever die from such a cause, do you?" cried Marjorie, indignantly.

"I shouldn't want to say," sighed the cricket; "you are wonderfully like her—wonderfully! in disposition, I mean, of course."

"H'm! I wouldn't break my heart for a dozen men!" was the savage answer. "If a man treated

me in that way once—just *once*—I'd put him out of my heart and life forever!"

"Very likely," remarked the cricket; "but if he came back and with plausible excuses smoothed everything over, you would forgive him, you would—"

"Indeed, I would *not*," broke in Marjorie. "If he came back in a *week*, with a *thousand* excuses I'd spurn him as I would a worm!" In illustrating her words Marjorie knocked over the tongs, they fell against the shovel, and both came down with a crash. Marjorie started up, and the cricket hopped away in affright.

"Ah, Miss Marjorie, I've caught you!" cried a gay voice from the doorway.

"Harry Breck! where did you come from?" gasped Marjorie.

"Home," was the answer. "Bess let me in two moments ago, gave me a warmer greeting than you have, too, and in the same breath told me she knew who I wanted to see and where I'd find that person. I took her word for it, and came here only to find the object of my search far away in dreamland."

"Well, now you are here, suppose you give an account of yourself!" ordered Marjorie, trying to look grim, as the young man calmly seated himself in an easy-chair opposite the willow rocker.

"Oh! there's very little to tell," he answered, carelessly. "I hunted all over town in quest of a ring for a young friend of mine, but finally had to go to the city for it, after all; and O Marjorie!" he pleaded, his calmness suddenly deserting him, "if you will only wear it and promise to be mine, I'll be tender and true till life ends."

And as Marjorie meekly held out her hand she was sure she heard a shrill voice from the fireplace cry:

"I told you so!"

MINNIE GRACE CLARKE.

LITTLE MISS KLEIN.

POOR little Miss Klein. She was a boarder at the Women's Home; she always wore black. Her face was thin and pale; it had, in the rosy days of youth, been a sweet, happy face—it was sweet still, though sadness often held the smile in check. Miss Klein had a lithe, graceful figure, and there was something in her face and carriage and in her quiet, gentle manners, such an easy grace and dignity, as made one feel that she was a woman possessed of the rare beauty of unobtrusive Christian character.

As a general thing, it does not soften and sweeten, enrich and ripen a woman's nature into the beauty of feminine perfection to work her own unaided way through life in the midst of all the noisy clamor of the untutored and unpolished throng, each madly struggling with another and scram-

bling for the foremost grasp among the chances which the hand of fortune may cast at random among them.

Little Miss Klein came to the Workingwomen's Home for board. She was a seamstress in private families. She left for her daily duties quite early in the morning, and only returned to a late tea. Her evenings were spent in her own room; so she was known to but few in the house. To those few she seemed always happy, but never gay.

What can make a woman happy through a life of unvarying toil, when no bright beaming of home-love, with its promise of peace and rest, comes smiling into her heart; only a long stretch of years, heavy with the routine of a daily struggle for bread, darkening into that dread vista of declining strength and the end of all; alone, with but the cold touch of stranger hands for the last ministrations? What but the blessed peace, the hope of the eternal home, and the calmness of trust in the Faithful Friend?

The dark day came when little Miss Klein remained in her room.

She grew paler from day to day and became very weak. The doctor said she had no disease.

"Would it not be better to go home to some of your friends?" the Matron asked.

"There is nowhere to go."

The voice seemed too faint and weary to be inspired by hope.

She seemed exceedingly grateful for the motherly care of the Matron and the little acts of kindness which woman's sympathetic nature prompted many of the boarders to bestow upon her. There were one or two who found their way nearer to her heart than others.

She talked but little; she was too weak for talking. She was a woman of intellectual capacity and appreciated conversation and reading, though herself reticent; still, her heart found ways of expressing itself by the hungry look and by tenderly caressing the hand of the loved friend who attended her.

Her heart was drooping for want of the refreshing elixir of human affection!

"She has gone into a decline. There is no disease; there is no help. She is just pining away, as many women do. Send for her friends, if she has any. I can do her no good."

That was the doctor's last order.

The Matron ventured once more to lift the curtain of mystery which surrounded her.

"If you have any friends or relatives you would like to see I think we had better send for them. You are becoming very weak; it might cheer you to see an old friend."

"There is none to send for," sighed little Miss Klein, in a low voice, plaintive in sadness.

The Matron sat by her side while she appeared to be sleeping. The shaded light had been turned

very low. A sound came from the half-parted lips—it was the voice of prayer:

"Hast Thou not love and joy and an eternal home for Thy weary ones, my Father? I long for my home in the presence of the dear Lord! There is none to love me; none I may love as Thee! Give my thirsty soul the wine of Thy precious love and rest upon Thy tender bosom."

And Sandalphon, the angel, listening at the gate, stooped down to earth and plucked a snow-white flower, which he gave into the hand of our Lord.

That night little Miss Klein left the Working-women's Home, where there were no near and dear ones to love her save they of the household of faith. She had found an eternal home, a mansion not made with hands. On the mortuary certificate the doctor wrote, "Of decline;" but his own private memorandum read, "A heart starved for want of the love and tenderness of near friends."

SYLVIA BROWN.

MARIA'S GHOSTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

I HITCHED my horse in front of the homestead on my second visit of the afternoon.

The ancient and his wife were now at home, cooking and stirring round their Sunday dinner of old homestead vegetables and pot-pie, and the flavor that rushed upon me as I turned the corner was steadyng to the nerves.

I walked in and went on through the back passage without waiting for the old couple to get their talking gear into operation, for I was in a hurry to be in the house.

I went straight to my mother's room and put my ear to the keyhole. All was still inside; I heard nothing but my own noisy breathing. I tried the knob and the door gave way. If I had had to force the lock I should have entered with a better stomach; but that quick, soft opening of a door that I fully expected to find locked came over me as supernatural. I had a feeling that something was holding on to me and putting cold touches up my backbone as I gave the door a push wide open.

Ah! there was nothing unusual here—nothing at all. The white bed, the chairs, the table—everything neat and proper—everything just as it always had been.

I stepped in; the door swung—shut—behind me with its gliding, spirit-like movement, and then I became sensible of a deathly sweet smell loading the close air. I looked round and saw a bunch of mourning-bride flowers upon the bureau. Mourning bride! My mother used always to cul-

tivate mourning bride. It was associated with her from my earliest recollection. I went to the bureau and raised the flowers with a queer feeling that they were some sort of embodiment of my mother—they corresponded and fitted in with the crying voice. Underneath the flowers was a paper, unfolded and lying with writing uppermost, as though inviting attention.

I read the paper, and then I went out of the room and the house as quickly as I could, sprang upon my horse, and galloped back to the city. There was no need of my staying longer. I had been spoken to and reproved by the dead in the most decisive and business-like way; for the paper underneath the deathly-smelling flowers was a rather remarkable paper. It was a deed of the old homestead given by my mother to Maria. I did not spend much time over it; there were too many cold touches—too many shadows behind me. But the deed seemed correct—a thing to stand law, like any deed made out and delivered in this world. I did have presence of mind to notice the date. It was dated before my mother's death. Was it not possible that it had been made out and delivered before my mother's death? I could not make it seem possible. I should have heard of a deed, if a deed there had been.

And, then, the crying voice—that I was certain was my mother's voice. How could one explain that? How, but that the poor mother had come, crying and soliloquizing, from her grave to deliver her ghostly paper and stand between her daughter and her son?

What was her son, then—a dead dog, a rattle-snake—that he needed to be kept off in that way? What sort of a fellow—so gospel-hardened—that law had to be crammed down him by his mother's hand out of her grave?

I felt queer as I rode back to the city—tremendous queer. I felt mean and ashamed, wronged and hurt in my tenderest feelings, scared and solemn, mad at myself for not feeling stronger and harder and doing justice to the unearthly events, besides a good many other feelings that I forgot the names of now.

But the next morning I rushed into business. I was going to be married in a few days, and I had to rush to get things into shape. The Sunday events got crowded back, though, of course, I thought about them and had my feelings whenever I got a minute's time.

Maria comforted me a good deal. I went up during the week and found everything lovely, as usual, only more so in view of my impending marriage. She did not treat me like a fellow whom she needed to be supernaturally protected from. Still, there was something queer about her. I think it would have choked me to have said "old homestead" to her, however lightly or indifferently, and she seemed to hitch and back away from

the word as though it would have choked her, too. She acted as if she knew something. *What* did she know, and how much of it? She puzzled me; but she comforted me with her fussy sisterliness.

In due time, which came galloping on, the little scholastic and I were married, and Maria came down to the wedding and brought her husband.

The little scholastic and her relations were poor as Job's turkeys. I myself was not much richer than that ancient poultry; therefore it was I particularly hoped Maria would do a little shining in a worldly way at our wedding. I could not honor my bride with the hand of a rich man, but it was a little more than nothing that it was the hand of the brother of a rich sister, and if the sister would only dazzle a little in the eyes of the poor relations, why, of course, the wedding would go off more in accord with its worthiness.

But Maria was rather disappointing—rather. That is to say—she was all right, so far as being elegant and rustling in her good clothes; but the present she brought down wasn't anything so very gorgeous—some sort of a silver whistle or other that didn't cost a cent more than the silver fiddles my poor little bride's poor relations squandered their money on. But Maria was so lovely!—she looked at me so retrospectively!—she was so sweet to my new wife!—that I couldn't feel very hard about the price of her present, or, if I did, it was more toward her husband than herself.

Toward him, poor old gentleman! dragged out to see me married. Toward him, I say, I did grit the teeth of my soul somewhat for an old miser who had starved out his wife's generosity. I got down on the knees of my soul to him afterward, so that my soul's marrow-bones had to pay for its teeth-gritting, and good enough for it, too—a soul that didn't know any more than to get its eyes full of sand in that kind of way.

But I didn't mean to grow metaphysical. I meant to tell my story right straight along, for I know my readers are under the harrow as to whether the ghost mystery deepened or thinned in the course of events.

It thinned, dear reader. It thinned so that daylight shone through it. I will tell you how, without going round about or turning down corners.

We went off on quite an extensive wedding trip and on our way home we received a message from Maria to come immediately on our arrival to the old homestead, where she would be waiting to receive us. Consequently we went to the old homestead, with the emotions (on my part) that the reader can make a guess at, but which the little scholastic (my wife) knew nothing about.

Maria, with her husband by her side, was on hand at the gate to welcome us as we drove up. And the gate she welcomed us at was newly painted, the fence was newly painted, the house itself was newly painted and blinded. We went

in. The rooms were newly furbished and furnished. Carpets were on the floor, pictures on the walls, the dear little fire-places were ornamented—some with warm little fires and some with flowers and evergreens.

I looked around, speechless—struck all over with a feeling that something was going to happen.

It happened right after supper (which was a tip-top little banquet); it happened in the shape of a paper that Maria handed to the little scholastic and that the little scholastic hitched her chair close to me to open and read: A deed of the homestead—slick and clean—given by Maria to the little scholastic, her heirs and assigns, for all time!

Well, of course, I felt myself all at once sitting on top of the pinnacle of my ambition. But it was a slippery kind of pinnacle, too. I went down several notches in my realizing sense of how I had been a jealous fool, while Maria was angelically getting up her wedding surprise. Then, however fair and friendly the place might be handed over, I couldn't go right on accepting it in an ordinary way in the face and eyes of the extraordinary things that had happened. I felt all shaken up and unsettled, and did not know where to look or what to say; so I threw out a question as a feeler to get somewhere and hold of something.

"Ought you to do this, Maria? Do you think mother would have wished you to pass the old place out of your hands?"

"I think she would," said Maria. "If I thought otherwise I shouldn't do it."

"You knew, then, that mother deeded the place to me?" Maria said, after a pause. "I was not quite certain that you knew it."

"Did she deed it to you before she died—or or?"

"O Mike!" said Maria; the little scholastic looked anxiously into my face, and my brother-in-law gave a big thump with his cane.

"Oh! yes, I know. Before, of course. That is what I meant to say."

"What is it you intend to insinuate?" said my brother-in-law, with another thump. He was wonderfully riled by my question. "Do you think your sister, and my wife, sir, would have a forged deed in her possession?"

"Oh! no, no! Mike doesn't think anything of the kind," said Maria.

"I beg everybody's pardon ten thousand times," I said.

"I hope we can stand a slip of the tongue or a little flightiness from a brand new, fresh, and green bridegroom, can't we, dear?" said Maria, and she patted her husband's hand and made him quit his thumping and cool down.

That was all correct; but I hadn't got anywhere yet—so I waded in again:

"Maria, I was down here the Sunday before I was married. Let's see—how long ago has that got to be, now?"

"Six weeks," piped the little scholastic. She was scared almost to death at the way my brother-in-law acted.

"So 'tis—just about," I said, and paused long enough to smile at my wife in the most reassuring way. "I rode down on horseback the Sunday before we were married—just six weeks ago."

"I know it," said Maria, and a small blush jumped into her cheeks; "I was here, too."

"You!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I; didn't you know that?"

"Upon my soul, I didn't," I answered.

"Well, you found mother's room unlocked, didn't you? And you went in and saw her deed to me lying on the bureau, where I had carelessly left it in looking over the drawers. Confess, now; that was the first of your knowing she deeded the place to me."

"You're right," I said; "it was the first. I went in and saw the deed on the bureau—under some mourning bride."

"Mourning bride? oh! yes. I carried some in. Dear, old-fashioned flowers. How she used to like them—don't you remember? I always keep a large bed of it at home."

"Oh! who cares what you keep at home," I answered, savagely; for I couldn't bear to see her drift away from the subject. "You were here that day, you say. Well, then, did you, or did you not, hear anything?—that's what I want to know."

"Hear anything? Hear you when you came in, you mean?—The first time I didn't—you came twice that day, you remember—the second time I did."

"The second time you did, ah! And whereabouts were you the second time? and also whereabouts were you the first time? and why didn't you show yourself?"

"Why, what difference does it make? How you do corner one. I wish your wife would make you behave."

"I am afraid you annoy your sister, Mike," piped the little scholastic.

"Don't try to show off your authority, scholastic," I said, savagely, again; "I am going to have it out with Maria if I die for it. Where were you, Maria? Why didn't you show yourself to me?"

The old gentleman began another war-jig with his cane, but Maria patted him down again, and said, real sweetly, with a little annoyed, angelic sort of laugh:

"Well, now, I'll tell you. I would just as lief as not, too; why shouldn't I? You will understand—you all—of course you will. Well then, Mike, I can't begin to tell you how glad I am to

hand over the old homestead to you, how welcome you are to it; but don't you see, can't you possibly imagine, that there might be a little sort of wrench in tearing myself away from it as my very own—that I would feel bad, that there would be a struggle? I came down that Sunday to take leave of my mother's room as her room—a room that had not had a thing in it changed since the day she died. It is made over now; it will have new associations, and I am glad to have it so. But, of course, I had to have my struggle, as I said. Perhaps I cried a little; perhaps my eyes were red; possibly, in the state of my feelings, I did not want to see anybody. There, I have told you. Now let us change the subject."

"Yes, we will," I said. My heart felt as big as a bushel-basket; my precious old sister, with her "struggles!" "Then you were in our mother's room the first time I came on that Sunday?"

"I was in our mother's room the first time you came on that Sunday. The second time you came I was in my old room across the hall; I heard you come and go."

Yes—I saw. It was Maria having her "struggle" I had heard in our mother's room that day. It was her voice that I would have sworn to as my mother's voice. I could see how easily I might be deceived. Maria's was like mother's, anyhow, and in a struggle, in the tone of praying and crying—ah yes! I saw. I got up, walked to the window, and looked out. I felt bad, I felt choked, and I felt relieved. I almost made my mouth up to ask her to explain those white folks while she was about it, but I couldn't quite get hold of the right words, so I let it pass for that time. I went over to her, put a brotherly kiss on her cheek, and sat down by her side.

"Maria, I thank you everlastingly, up and down, north, east, south, and west, for this old homestead."

"Remember, though, that it isn't yours," she answered. "It's your wife's."

"Scholastic, come here and thank her," I said. The little scholastic glided over, put a kiss on Maria's other cheek, and sat down on her other side. Maria took our hands, as we sat on each side of her, like two children, and held them while she talked:

"About mother's deeding the place to me, Mike; we never said anything to you about it—it didn't seem necessary. I was pretty old, you know, when mother died, and she supposed I never would marry; and so she did all she could—poor mother!—not to leave me dependent in the world. She had a great horror of a woman's being dependent; I am afraid she worried dreadfully about me. She thought that you, being a man, could get along so much better than I, that she gave me all she had to give. But now that I am otherwise provided for, I believe I am carrying out her

wishes to hand the place over to you—or rather to your wife. In giving it to your wife I respect that dread she had of a woman's being dependent. Now, if you squander all you have, Mike, your little scholastic has a home of her own to scholasticize in, don't you see? something safe and sure."

"I sec," I said, rapturously.

"I should have told you about it before you were married, but my dear Mr. Malloney here suggested that we fix over and furnish while you were off on your trip, and make a surprise and have a wedding-feast. So we two old folks put our heads together to get up something festive. But you must thank him for all the making over and the furnishing."

Her dear Mr. Malloney, indeed! The man I had called miser and skinflint a hundred times, if I had once. I think I could have held still and let the old gentleman thump me over the head with his cane half an hour or so and called it my deserts. If ever a man had his old opinions dragged up by the roots and thrown over into the ditch and a crop of new ones up and blooming in a minute, I am that man. If you should ask me now to point out to you a noble-looking, fine-appearing, whole-souled gentleman in the prime of life, my fingers would all stick out toward my sister Maria's husband. He and I have got along tip-top ever since.

So much for that part of my ghost-story. Now about those white folks before the door. I hate to have the whole thing slide out so, but truth is truth, even if it takes all the kink out of a story. Those white folks were trees pinned up in sheets—orange-trees or lemon-trees or oleanders or banyans or something or other, in tubs. They had been scattered round the grounds promiscuously all summer, but those two nights being frosty, Maria had had them drawn up before the door and pinned into sheets to keep them warm, as their winter-quarters were not ready. Early the next day after they waved and warned back I and my horse they were taken in, and so I never saw shade or shadow of a tubbed tree before her door in daylight. How was I to know that her trees traveled round and wore sheets? But that willowy one that had a motion just like my mother's—well, it beats me.

I got this explanation out of Maria without relating my own experience very largely. But I did up and relate it to the little scholastic after we had got settled down. My inner experience—my feelings toward Maria, the shapes the trees appeared in to me, how the crying voice took hold of me and harrowed up my feelings, and all, just as I have related it here, only more inner, if anything. And the little scholastic took it serious—real serious.

"I think there was something in it, Mike," she said. "Your mother loved you when she was

alive; she loves you now, wherever she is. Couldn't she touch you, cling to you, hold you back somehow, through influences? O Mike! if you *had* said mean things to your sister! I shall always believe that God let your mother's spirit hinder you: that she was somehow in those common things that took hold so of your imagination; that the good influences were managed."

Well, maybe; how should I know? But I do know that I am thankful clear down to the toes of my boots that something held me back from saying the mean things to Maria, whether it was the little scholastic's Good Influences, with capitals, or only just the common kind of good influences, that do pretty near the same work, I take it, without making any particular fuss about themselves or verging upon spiritualism and that sort of thing.

MARY E. HAWKINS.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"**A**s industrious as ever, Mrs. Bell!" said the visitor, as she seated herself in her friend's handsome parlor and looked at the beautiful embroidery that lay at her side.

"Oh! yes," replied Mrs. Bell; "give me my needlework and I am happy! I can sit and *sew* all day; my needle is to me what painting and music and such things are to others."

"You certainly perform wonders with it," answered Mrs. Ellis, as she looked around the elegant rooms decorated with richly embroidered cushions, tidies, and all the fashionable craze of fancy work.

"I do like pretty things!" said Mrs. Bell, "and when one can have all these lovely bits of ornament and use just for the making, why, I mean to enjoy them. Besides, I think it is a woman's *duty* to make home beautiful!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Ellis, slowly, but at the same time she was thinking, with the rapid calculation of a practical housewife—"If, after all, when one counted the cost of all this silk and velvet and fancy material, and the time and skill required to combine them into these objects of art, whether every one could have them only for the making."

"Now, this," continued Mrs. Bell, taking up the work upon which she had been engaged, "is a panel screen—my contribution to the Ladies' Fair. I am perfectly fascinated with it; it is a new stitch that I have just learned. Isn't it lovely?"

"It is beautiful, indeed!" was the admiring reply. "But isn't it very expensive, this material?"

"Well, yes. But then one cannot always stop to count the pennies."

Mrs. Ellis sighed softly as she thought of her

own simple rooms at home, and how the necessity of "counting the pennies" shut off all possibility of filling them with the beauty that she so much admired.

"Lily is still painting?" Mrs. Ellis inquired, as she looked over to the broad bay window where a young girl sat at her little easel busily copying from a mass of natural flowers on the table at her side.

"Yes, indeed! Lily is greatly devoted to her painting. Lily, dear, come over and show Mrs. Ellis what you are doing. There, now," she continued, as the girl arose and brought to them a square of white satin, "are not those pansies just as natural as life? Lily is her mother's own child—she adores beauty. Now, Val is different. Not that she does not love beautiful things, but she is so practical—just like her father! always poking into all kinds of commonplace things. Where is she? Why, didn't you know—she is teaching this year, away over on the other side of the city—one of her notions! Here is Val's pet," she continued, with a gesture toward a magnificent English ivy that was trained over two walls of the parlor from its place in the corner; "she has trained that five years; goes over every leaf with a wet sponge every Saturday."

"I should think it would be quite a task," said Mrs. Ellis.

"It is!" was the reply; "but Val doesn't mind. She is just that way. Now, I just detest house-work; I always did! Lily does, too. But Val will take hold of it as if she enjoyed it—she says she does! Dear me!—the idea! Oh! before you go I must show you a view that Lily is going to paint. It is just too lovely! But it can be seen only from the back of the house—we are so fortunate in having nothing but pretty views on all sides; this overlooks the river and the shores beyond. You won't mind if I take you right through the kitchen, will you? We can't go through the side yard because those stupid workmen have piled their fence material in there."

As they entered the kitchen Mrs. Ellis fairly gasped. Was it possible that this room could belong to the same establishment that held those she had just left? The fireless range was dirty and covered with unwashed pots, pans, and kettles; a long kitchen table stood on one side of the room, and looked as if it must contain every dish in the household store, all unwashed. In the middle of the room stood a smaller table, also strewn with dirty dishes, pans, pails, food, and odds and ends generally. The floor was unswept and bore its share of the disorderly burden.

Mrs. Bell glanced around carelessly as they passed through, without a shadow on her placid face.

"We are without any help now," she said; "we discharged our girl yesterday. Servants are

such a nuisance—dirty, thieving things! Val will be home pretty soon; she will see to things. There now, do you think there is a prettier view from the city than we have here?"

And after a few words of admiration Mrs. Ellis was conducted back through the untidy kitchen to the rooms beyond. But somehow the handsome parlors, with their profusion of fancy work, had lost much of their charm; and as she walked slowly homeward she seemed to keep hearing Mrs. Bell's words—"I think it is a woman's *duty* to make her home beautiful!" And she wondered if any home could be really beautiful to its inmates when the foundation of its household comfort was but a chaos of dirt and confusion.

About five o'clock Valerie Bell arrived at home from her daily duties as teacher in a city school, and went wearily up the stairs to her own room. But, though tired, she did not wait to rest, but donning a big apron went down where her mother and sister were sitting, and after a few pleasant words went on through the dining-room into the kitchen. At the first glance she uttered a surprised exclamation; then she turned and went back.

"Lily," she said, "I thought you promised to see that the kitchen was cleaned up to-day, and things put somewhat to rights. But they are worse than ever. You have not even washed the breakfast and dinner dishes."

"Oh! well, Val, don't scold! You know that mamma has got that screen to finish before the Fair, and I couldn't tell what ought to be done, so we thought we would go out and try to find some one to come in for the day. But dear me! one would think there wasn't a woman in the city that needed work; at least we tried two or three and failed, so we called at Mrs. Benson's, and nothing would do but we must stay there to dinner—a thing I was very glad to do, for my part!"

"What did papa do?" inquired Val.

"Papa? Oh! we met him on the street and told him we thought he had better get some dinner at a restaurant; but he said no matter, he would stop in at home, and just take a lunch. Papa don't care, he is never very particular."

"Very fortunate for him!" said Val, grimly. "But now, Miss Lily, I want you to come out and help me. Here it is nearly supper time, and all that mountain of work to do before we can begin to get it ready."

"O Val! I just *hate* to wash dishes—you know I do!" said Lily, as she slowly put down her paints and brushes.

"Can't help it," replied unflinching Val; "this is one of the cases where you must submit to the inevitable."

And Lily was led away to the field of action, much against her will.

Putting on a pair of old gloves, Val attacked the

dirty range, cleared it off, cleaned it out, and soon had a bright fire glowing and water heating. Then she turned her attention to the tables, where Lily, in a weak, despairing way, was piling the dishes together.

"So this was poor papa's lunch, was it?" she said, eying disapprovingly the evidences of it—a very cleanly picked bone, which had yielded the family a scanty supply of meat for breakfast, a piece of stale bread, and a cup which had held coffee without cream. "Appetizing—very!"

Then she went to work with a will, and with Lily's help soon had great piles of shining dishes ready to put away, and had even coaxed a smile to that young lady's face, when the door-bell rang, and presently Mrs. Bell appeared to say that Mr. Maxwell was there to see the young ladies. Lily gladly ran away to meet him, but Val excused herself and went on with her task.

In a few moments Lily came back, flushed and excited with pleasure.

"What do you think, Val?" she cried. "Mr. Maxwell has come with those beautiful grays of his, and such an elegant carriage, and wants us to go driving with him! Isn't that charming!—the handsomest team and the handsomest and richest man in the city. Oh! won't the other girls be jealous? Come, hurry, Val, you will go, of course!"

"No, I cannot go!" replied Val.

"Can't go!" gasped Lily; "you surely will not refuse?"

"I cannot go!" repeated Val; "you must excuse me to him. I will not leave my poor tired father to come home to such fare as he found to day. You can go—mamma can go with you—but I have work to do."

"It's too mean of you, Val," cried Lily, spitefully, "but you don't care! You will just be a kitchen drudge all your life!"

"At least, I will see that I am not forced to be at the mercy of any 'kitchen drudge,'" replied Val, as she turned back to her preparations for supper.

Mr. Maxwell had the pleasure of driving Mrs. Bell and her lovely daughter, but that was not exactly what he had come for; and as he stopped before the door on their return he again uttered a few words of regret that Miss Bell could not have enjoyed the delightful eveing.

"Yes, it is too bad," replied Lily; "but she had some kind of horrid work that she said must be done to-night, and Val would die for her duty, like an old fashioned martyr. She's so dreadfully practical. She says I am a butterfly, and I call her a busy bee."

Hugh Maxwell looked at the fair figure, with its floating curls and fluttering laces and ribbons and drapery, and thought it a very beautiful butterfly, but there was a bonnie brown face in the house that had pleased him better.

Meanwhile Val, left to her own devices, went steadily on with her work of love till she heard her father's step as he came through the empty rooms, and ran to meet him.

"How is this, pet?" he said, as he kissed the bright face; "has everybody ran off and left you?"

"Yes, papa. I'm Bridget the cook to-night, and if you'll get me a few things at the market I'll get you the nicest supper you've had in ever so long!"

"All right; bring me a basket and give me your order, and I will do my part of that bargain straightway! To tell the truth, Val, my dinner was a little light, and I've been on the go ever since, so I feel as if I had fasted a week!"

"Poor papa!" said Val, drawing his face down between her hands and kissing it. Somehow Val had got to always thinking of him as "poor papa" of late.

When he came back he sat down by the open door of the kitchen and chatted with his busy little daughter as she flitted to and fro.

"I have been trying to collect something to-day," he said, "to meet my payment on this house. But it seems very unlikely that I shall be able to get it. One-half won't pay and the other half can't, so the poor doctor 'falls between two stools.' The fact is, I have collected my best bills for our running expenses, and haven't much to draw on except the hard cases."

"How much do you need, papa?" inquired Val.

"A thousand dollars and interest on the last year," replied her father.

"Have you collected part of it?" she asked.

"I can raise about half of it," he answered, "but I don't think I can do any more unless I borrow. It must be ready by Monday, and I have been put off by several that I expected would pay on demand."

Val went out of the room a moment; when she came back she went up and pushed something into her father's hand, and held his fingers down over it with her own.

"There! you dear, darling papa, that is yours, with my blessing! So that will smooth out one worry!" And the next moment she was grinding coffee vigorously.

"Why, my dear child, what is this?" exclaimed the Doctor, in surprise, as he held the little package at arm's length.

"Well, papa, it looks like a specimen of Uncle Sam's currency. But if you have any doubt, perhaps if you should put it under the microscope—"

"But, my dear, here is—why, here is—" went on the puzzled Doctor.

"Yes, papa, five hundred dollars! all my own earnings! Aren't you glad?" cried Val, merrily.

"But Val, my child—" Here the Doctor sud-

denly went out doors and seemed much interested in something about the small grass-plot. When he came in he remarked, as he returned his handkerchief to his pocket, that it seemed uncommon dusty for the time of year, and, in fact, his eyes seemed to be full of dust for some time.

"But about this money, Val?" he said, after a few moments, "of course, my child, I cannot take it. Your earnings!—why, I thought your school money had all gone for candy and ribbons as fast as you got it."

"But it didn't, you see, papa, and you ought to know me better. Why, I took the school on purpose to help you. When I found last summer how you were worried, and saw you working so hard, I made up my mind that I would earn some money myself; enough, any way, to buy my own ribbons and candy"—with a mischievous glance at her father—"and I had some left, you see, after the purchase of those necessities."

The Doctor drew the brown head against his shoulder.

"My good little daughter!" he said, softly; "may God bless her!"

"And you will keep it, papa?" said Val.

"Yes, I will borrow it and thank you for its use. It will be a great relief. Now, by a little economy, I shall be able to get the rest of the payment ready in time, and in another year, if the Lord prosters me, our home will be truly our own."

Just then Mrs. Bell and Lily returned, and the conversation stopped. Dr. Bell seldom spoke of business to his wife. Not that they ever disagreed—in fact, one would as soon think of quarreling with his bolster as with Mrs. Bell—but the Doctor had found out long years before that it was breath spent in vain to attempt to arrange any business project with his wife's aid. She always placidly and cheerfully agreed with all his plans and advice, and then went on after her own easy fashion. She was simply one of the cushions of life—soft, easy, handsome, against which the hard corners of the world bit in vain. As long as her wants were all gratified she was perfectly happy, and left others to be so after their own manner. If her desires were thwarted she seemed surprised and aggrieved, and resigned herself with such an air of sorrowful martyrdom that her wishes were gratified as soon as possible. Lily was very much like her; but Val was a thorn in her flesh, to be endured as patiently as possible. And so Val, with her energetic, positive nature, turned to her father for sympathy, and as she grew older became in turn the Doctor's confidant and friend. If there was any trouble, business or domestic, mamma was troubled as little as possible with it. All that sort of thing was left to papa and Val. And so all the results of extravagance, incompetence, disorder, and inattention in mistress and

servants fell upon the two patient burden bearers, while the painting and panel-screens and the parlor comfort generally went on undisturbed.

But on the evening of this day, as they all sat together, Dr. Bell said to his wife:

"Mary, you spoke the other day of buying a new set of furniture for the guest chamber. I wish you would defer it for the present. You know I make it a rule to keep out of debt, and just now I must use all the money I can raise to make the annual payment on our home."

"Very well, dear," answered Mrs. Bell. "See here, Lily, which shade of silk would you put in this rose? your taste is so perfect!"

"Now, papa," pouted Lily, "don't make us put off getting that furniture; it is just too lovely! All white—and I want to paint all the panels and have it ready by the time Annie Morton comes to visit us. She has such elegant things at home, and this is really cheap, papa—only seventy-five dollars!"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Baby," said Dr. Bell, gently, "but I need that seventy-five dollars a great deal worse than you need that furniture just now."

"That's just the way!" said Lily; "I never set my heart on anything but that is the very thing that I must not have. I do think it is too bad, papa. Now do let me have it, please!"

"I wish I could, Lily," said her father, "but this time you must wait. I have got to use borrowed money now to make up my payment."

The next day Lily and her mother went out shopping.

"O mamma!" said Lily, as they passed a furniture store, "let's go in and order that furniture sent to the house. I know papa will let us keep it when it is once there. And then it is so cheap—he just happens to feel poor a little—and, anyway, if he has got to borrow at all he might as well borrow enough for this, too!"

"Yes; I suppose so," said Mrs. Bell. So the furniture was ordered and the bill ordered to be sent to Dr. Bell.

Hugh Maxwell became a frequent visitor at Dr. Bell's. He admired Lily's painting and turned Val's music, as she sung, at his request, the old Scotch ballads that he loved. Mrs. Bell was sure that her Lily was, sooner or later, certain to be plucked from the home-garden to bloom in the handsome home of the Maxwells.

The Doctor listened to his wife's predictions and the Scotch ballads and thought his own thoughts.

But the two girls seemed to share equally the regard of their visitor, and the public began to wonder as his attentions continued, "What that rich young Maxwell! found so fascinating about those Bell girls. Such a handsome, stylish fellow might have his choice among all the girls in the

city, almost. It can't be Valerie Bell—lots of prettier girls—must be Lily. She is pretty, if any one likes wax flowers." And so on. At any rate, Hugh Maxwell evidently found some attraction that did not allow him to withdraw his attentions from Dr. Bell's.

So the summer and autumn passed and the winter drew close.

"Val, my dear," said the Doctor, as he opened the door into the kitchen one chilly evening on one of the numerous occasions when Val's skill was employed to fill the gap made by the sudden departure of the kitchen help, "I've brought a friend in to supper with me; you won't mind, will you? I knew mamma and Lily would not be home this evening, and we wanted to talk a little."

"Oh! no, papa, it makes no difference to me. I'm glad you can have a little rest."

The Doctor chuckled a little as he shut the door, and Val went on serenely getting supper and serenely went in to greet her father's friend when supper was ready. But she flushed as red as a rose when she stood face to face with Hugh Maxwell.

As for him, he thought she had never looked so beautiful as she did now, with that rosy flush on her cheek, her brown hair lying in loose waves over her forehead, her dark eyes a little shy, and a most fascinating white apron on!

"This is my little housekeeper to-night," said her father, drawing her hand through his arm, "she is the one who cooks warm suppers for her old father when he comes home cold and hungry and the cook has run away."

And as Hugh Maxwell watched her as she gracefully performed the duties of the table, he uttered a soft little prayer deep down in his heart that the hope of his soul might be fulfilled.

And then after supper the Doctor suddenly thought of a patient he had forgotten to visit, and Val sat at the piano and sang. As the last notes of "Annie Laurie" died away Hugh Maxwell bent over and drew the slim hands from the keys into his own:

"I love you, Annie Laurie!" he said, softly. "Will you come and sing for me always?"

The brown head drooped low.

"Valerie—my darling—I love you! Will you be my little wife?"

Then the sweet face was turned against his shoulder, and the lips that he kissed did not answer no.

Mrs. Bell was greatly surprised.

"Now if it had been Lily, why, of course, I should not have thought it strange! But Val—not but what Val is worthy of him or any one else; I have reason to be proud of both my daughters—but then Val is so practical, you know; not

what one would expect a fashionable young man to seek."

Lily herself felt secretly chagrined and surprised.

But Hugh said to Val:

"These fine lady-dolls of society are nice to look at, but when sensible men marry they want something besides beauty in their wives. And if I had not already lost my heart to you before I took supper with you that night, that white apron would have settled it! I knew then that my little darling was as good as she was beautiful, even if your father had not told me so when I asked him if he would trust you to me."

Valerie Bell and Hugh Maxwell were married at Christmas, and for some years lived surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can bestow. Then the wheel of fortune made an unexpected turn and Hugh Maxwell was a poor man. But his wife reigned in her simple, well-ordered home just as graciously and easily as in the one she had lost, and her husband was more deeply in love with her than he was ten years before.

"Dear me!" said Lily, as she leaned back in her carriage as she and her mother drove away from Val's cottage, "what a mercy it is that I didn't marry Hugh! If I had to give up everything and live as Val does it would just kill me! I cannot endure such things!"

Val, with her handsome baby in her arms, looked after the carriage.

"How Lily has changed!" she mused. "I should think she would—married to that cross, wrinkled old man. I wouldn't be in her place if we were worth ten millions, instead of one!"

FAUSTINE.

THE statue of Memnon, to quote a figure of Walter Savage Landor's, is insensible to the sands that blow against it, but answers in a tender tone to the first touches of the sun. We do not hear, writes George Eliot, that Memnon's statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of morning. That is in *Adam Bede*; and in *Janet's Repentance* the same deft pen describes how Janet was not to be made meek by cruelty, and would repent of nothing in the face of injustice, though she was subdued in a moment by a word or a look that recalled the old days of fondness.

THE true and good never die. Science, philosophy, and art have their limited epochs, beyond which they never stray. But whoever saw the grave of a dead truth or the obituary notice of a deceased virtue? It is only error that sickens and dies, and falsity, wrong, and vice which society wears out and casts behind it in its progress toward the realization of its divine ideal.

AN IMMORTAL DEED.

"THEE knows," said Sarah Marshall, when we had left the flower-embowered cottage of the Duttons—"thee knows James was not always so happy."

"There was trouble with the Fry family, was there not?" I asked.

"That is as thee defines trouble," she returned. "Thee knows of what Hester calls his immortal deed?"

"What is an immortal deed?"

"All deeds, or none. The consequences of any deed being never-ending, we should, far oftener than we do, study before we make ourselves responsible for an eternity of good or evil. Thee knows how James Dutton advocates the trial of saving those seduced by strong drink. James holds that no man is thoroughly bad, as none is thoroughly good. He once said in meeting that man is holy, and that divine attributes of man, given him by the Lord have been veiled by the reasoning which relegates to superstition all that which carelessness cannot comprehend. All this might make thee think that James has no joyousness in him. But such is not the case. Indeed, Dorcas Sweet used to call him a torn-down limb. Why, I mind the time he engaged himself to marry Hester Fry. I did not know the Frys very well, only that Hester came here to visit the Berrells and thought much of James immediately, and when she returned home to Wisconsin every day or so James would receive a letter. These letters made him very happy, it seems, and it was at this time that he turned his attention to the alleviation of intemperate persons.

"Friend Sarah," he said to me, "I am trying to make myself worthy of the happiness that has come to me. If I can make less the unhappiness of any one, I shall be glad."

"He was very busy with the lumber trade, too, then—well, day and night he was busy: the day for trade, the night for charity. Then he got to going to town, and would come home with strange creatures—men who had fallen through drink. His house was filled with them, and Dorcas Sweet—his cousin and housekeeper, thee knows—complained bitterly and told him sharply, once, that his father had not left the money to be wasted thus.

"Wasted" repeated James, and said it in such a way that Dorcas had one of her headaches all day.

"In truth, I reprehended James myself after awhile, for the strange creatures used to wander all over the village, and once I found one of them in my strawberry patch. I had no preserves that summer. It was spoken of in meeting, and Elder Berrell thought a committee might wait on James.

"'Mind thy own business,' James said to the committee, and after that he was even more flagrant, and strange, broken men came down by half dozens.

"'The city,' James said, 'is too strong for men finding their weakness for the first time.'

"Meeting was not visited by James now and Dorcas Sweet had her headaches all the time. We had to own, though, that the strange creatures went from the village healthier and stronger. And then one week James looked very gloomy and no letters came. And Dorcas Sweet told me what it meant. She said James had never asked Hester Fry's father's consent to the marriage, and had only just written. Well, to make a long story short: I went one night to Dorcas Sweet, and, as she was busy telling me about a dreadful creature who had been loitering about the house all day, blear-eyed and shambling, and refused to go away when told, and she accused James of the responsibility of the man's coming—the door opened, and there was James—radiant, smiling, and happy.

"'How dull the house looks!' he said, merrily, and went and lighted every lamp in the place. He was laughing, too, and he—he whistled! Dorcas Sweet was alarmed.

"'O Sarah!' she said, 'suppose James were to contract the habits of the strange men he pities so much! Thee knows constant association is prone to proselyting.'

"'Nonsense!' I said, but was nervous.

"Then James entered the room from lighting the lamps up-stairs and had six lemons in his hands. He made three glasses of lemonade out of them—for Dorcas, me, and himself. Then I laughed, for I saw the truth: He had received a favorable reply to his letter to Hester Fry's father. It was very strong."

"His love?"

"The lemonade. And while Dorcas Sweet and I were making merry over it to him—"

"Making merry over the lemonade?"

"Nay; his favorable letter. And he seemed rather shy after we knew, and would have put out the lamps, only Dorcas would not let him. He came to me.

"'Friend Sarah,' he said, 'I will tell thee a secret. There is sadness in Hester's family and I would give my all to alleviate it. This must be my explanation for my mode of action since I knew her. I love her; those we love we would shield from unhappiness; I help Hester's happiness when I help sad people.'

"It was scarcely comprehensible to me just then and I turned to ask his meaning, when I saw a quivering motion of the door and it opened a little, and such a face as I saw then! A young face, hideous with wildness—weakness in the mouth, despair in the eyes. It was there but a

moment, looking in upon the joy of a man scarcely older than the owner of that wild face. Then Dorcas shrieked out:

"It was the man who would not leave the house!"

"James hurriedly left the room. I confess I shuddered with Dorcas, for never had I seen such dreariness as was in that face that had looked in at the door. It was something to make me feel guilty. Maybe it was such a contrast with James's at the moment that impressed us so. However, James came in about a half hour later. He said not a word, nor did we. But the dreary-faced man was an inmate of his house. Days he would loiter through the village, shunning the people like a hunted-down creature. First Day, in meeting, I happened to glance at a window when friend Elwell was speaking, and I could have affirmed that the wild-eyed man was peeping in. It worried me, again, one warm night I heard a mourning outside my door, and a solemn voice said: 'Lost! lost!' and I could not dissociate the voice from the face. But the man seemed little benefited by his residence here, and toward the last he would reel through the place, wild with drink. Dorcas Sweet locked herself in her room and I sent her buns on a string up to her window, and not until James came home in the late afternoon would she go down-stairs. Then, one day, James told us he had given up the lumber business and that hereafter he would attend to no business. Dorcas Sweet shrieked:

"Thy perverse spirit, in attending to these creatures, prompt thee," she said.

"He answered not a word. But from that time forth he constituted himself the companion of the wild-faced man. Meeting was much exercised over it. In fact, Elder Berrell promised to write to Hester Fry's father. I knew when he had written the letter and I felt guilty when I met James, who knew nothing of it. Then an answer came to Elder Berrell's letter—from Hester herself, not her father—repudiating her contract with James, who had never told her a word about his efforts to help weak men, and saying that unless he gave it all up immediately, and thus evince respect to her, he could be nothing to her, and deputing Elder Berrell to speak of her decision to James.

"Elder Berrell was considerably shaken, for he had not counted on this.

"Sarah," he said to me, "it is painful. Hester Fry has a most abnormal horror of the very thing that James is doing. How strange that he should have selected that branch of helpfulness most obnoxious to her!"

"So he went to James. Dorcas Sweet told me they spoke in the parlor; that James never answered a word when Elder Berrell told him, only to say:

"Thee has been unkind. I did not deserve this. What thee cannot understand thee deprecates. It is between man and man—thee and me. Will thee leave my house?"

"But James was the same as ever. He seemed to cling more to the stranger than ever. For a week it was thus, and then one day came a shock. James had left the place, taking the stranger with him, and had instructed a lawyer to sell his property! Dorcas Sweet shrieked.

"This house has been the Duttons' for a hundred years," she said, wringing her hands.

"But the village was well rid of the strange men. They used to come hunting James up for awhile. James's lawyer came and left instructions with Dorcas to send all the men to him, for James's express orders had been such, and the lawyer forwarded the men to him at Emporium, a place two hundred miles from here and as wild as need be and quiet.

"After the village had settled down once more, I found that Dorcas Sweet and myself both began to deprecate Hester Fry's mode of action. It seemed tyrannous. And yet it was not more so, perhaps, than James's holding out against her.

"One thing," said Dorcas; "he never loved her, or it would not have been so easy to give her up. But we will not canvass love—we two old spinsters."

"And Elder Berrell was gloomy and blamed himself. We all missed James; the village children missed him; the very dogs seemed to pause at his gate as they went by and looked, wistfully, with wagging tails, through the palings. Dorcas Sweet grew cross and flouted Elder Berrell. Meeting wanted a new roof, and we missed James's liberal hand.

"But we all had a new cause for surprise; for one day Dorcas Sweet came running in.

"Get thy bonnet," she panted, "and come over with me."

"I went over. Hester Fry and her father were there. Her father was a nervous man—a man not unacquainted with grief. I saw that in his close-held lips and the mechanical raising of his eyes, which were much kept upon the ground. Hester Fry was a shadow of her former self.

"They had come to beg James's pardon. Hester, who led her father in everything, brought her father with her. They were most aggrieved to find James away. In fact, Dorcas Sweet and I found that we dared not say he had gone permanently, but told that business had taken him to Emporium. In the week following Hester Fry was much with me, and told me considerable of her life—how sadness and shame and wrecked hopes had made her father as he now was; that her long knowledge of shame was what had prompted her to try and keep James above it, for she knew the baleful influence that associations

exert. She did not tell me the nature of the shame of her father's and her experience, nor did I ask her. But I knew that in telling just so much she was trying to make herself feel that she had not been wholly to blame in refusing James except on her own conditions. We would leave her father sitting beside the old sun dial in the garden, where he loved to go and watch the bright butterflies, and then we would go a little way off and speak. For a month they stayed here for what I could not tell, unless it was hoping for James's return. As the time went on Hester grew more frail and sat oftener with her father, less with me, a waiting look in her eyes, like the look in her father's eyes, as they silently watched the butterflies dip in and out among the flowers like restless souls, and making shadows on the old sun dial that no longer marked the flight of time.

"Then one morning Hester could not rise, and her father sat by her bedside, her hand in his, and as silent and preoccupied as ever, not comprehending, only waiting. For a week was Hester thus, uncomplaining, silent. Then I made up my mind what I had to do. One day Dorcas Sweet helped me on the train, and I was speeding on to Emporium. Such a place! It was hemmed in by mountains. James Dutton's house was in a basin of rocks; the sun did not shine down upon his house till eleven in the morning, and set at four in the afternoon, the mountains were so high. James was very thin. But there was a surpassing peace in his face. I told him what had brought me. He started at first, then said, while his face was very pale, 'It was kind in thee to come.'

"'But Hester!' I cried, 'what of her?'

"'Sarah,' he said, 'she is more to me than ever. In these solitudes God and Hester have never left me. Duty called me here, and duty keeps me. Had I loved Hester less, sad humanity would not be so dear to me. I am trying to save a life from degradation, and I *will* do it—it is borne in upon me that I *must* do this. The thought of Hester helps me in my work. But I will not go to Hester; I will not marry her. Listen, Sarah! The man who was so wild in our village I am saving; his life may cost me mine, for I am missing much from my life—Hester! But this man came to me, he told me his story—how he had ruined every prospect by his dissipation, and how he wanted me to help him to reform. Could even my love for Hester let me turn him away—a soul in need? He asked for bread—could I give him a stone? I have never yet asked his name, strange as it may appear, and he has not told me—so many of these men come to me with other names than the world gives them. But he is my brother all the same. It seemed to me when first I saw him—she remembers that night!—a voice more than

finite told me my duty. Did not Saul of Tarsus hear a voice that made him superior to self? If the Lord could speak to the strongest, why not to the weakest? Sarah, the voice that arrested Saul in his persecutions of the early Christians speaks to every one of us often in our lives, whether we heed it or not.'

"'But Hester—' I began.

"'He raised his hand:

"'Hester is nearer to me than ever,' he said. 'Yet—I will not go to Hester.'

"'No! no!' cried a shrill voice, 'but Hester comes to thee,' and Hester Fry burst into the room and had her arms about him. He was pale as pale could be. She was begging and explaining. Her father was standing in a corner, listlessly looking down, paying no attention, as usual. James took her to her father.

"'Friend,' he said, 'it cannot be. Thee was good to come to me. But my duty is with what I have been called to do.'

"'It will be my duty, too,' cried Hester, her hands before her face.

"'Nay,' said James, gently; then, in a louder voice, 'I never knew before how dear thee is to me. But thee cares selfishly for me, and—'

"She only held her arms out and he wavered, as I did; for into the room had come the wild-eyed stranger; but wild-eyed no longer—a strengthening man, a sincere, awakened man, with resolve in his face. He had his hands raised in a sort of arrested terror. And then Hester Fry's father saw him, and all the listlessness was gone, all the hope had come back, all the blighted life was refreshed, the waiting look in the eyes was answered in the thrilling cry of, 'Daniel, Daniel! my son, my boy!' and he had run from Hester and grasped the man, trembling like a little child. The story of Hester Fry and her father was explained—to James as well as to me! And Hester, without a sound, had fallen to the ground unconscious. James had her in his arms kissing her, and—*whoa, Caesar!* Did thee ever see such a restive colt as this? James gave him too much oats just before we left their house. Oh! yes. Well, thee has seen Hester Dutton just now in the old house, which was *not* sold; thee sees her happy face; thee has commented upon James's earnest manner. They have been married ten years. Their little child died. James is a great worker—*O Caesar!* stop trying to look at me, thee bad colt! And Daniel Fry, did thee say? Thee knows his cure is what Hester calls the immortal deed. He is in Emporium; the house there is in his charge, and James sends many men there and Daniel's father is his greatest help. Elder Berrell went to see them after last Quarterly and was greatly impressed. Get up, *Caesar!* and try to behave less like a silly!'

ROBERT C. MEYERS.

THE SICK AND THE WELL.

IT is pleasant to be remembered, and the sick are especially in danger of imagining themselves neglected or forgotten.

When one drops out of his place in the world and is shut up within four walls, it is a comfort to know that some one misses him and follows him, with loving sympathy, into his retirement and suffering. Sickness is apt to bring its morbid fancies and its jealous and over-confident suspicions of neglect, and that is the greater reason why tender and generous friendship should be ready with its visits of good cheer. Such visits are an indispensable part of true neighborly life. There is One from whom no wants of men are hidden; whose heart is given to the needy, and He has said, "I was sick and ye visited me," counting such a service to one of the least of His brethren as service to Himself. The sick should not be left without the blessing of friendly visits.

But how many visitors make great mistakes when they call upon the sick. We saw one yesterday, and our heart has been grieved ever since. The dear old lady, past fourscore years, feeble and short of breath and near the journey's end, looked up and beheld a rough, bearded face bent down close to hers, and a hand, wide and warm and thick and generous, gathered up the little leaf of a hand that lay on her breast, with a noisy, whooping, "An' so you're pretty sick, are ye, Aunt Nelly?"

An expression almost spasmodic flitted over her face, then she caught her breath suddenly, and in a moment she was her old-time self again. She answered his question, inquired whether he was John or Thomas, tried to move her head to see if a chair were near him, if the fire burned brightly in the grate—saw the snowflakes on his coat, and in a voice scarcely audible began to interest herself concerning the rites of hospitality. She had, all the years of her woman's beautiful and active life, "looked well to the ways of her household" and did every duty that lay in her power. No wonder she thought first even then, though she neared the portal of a new land and a new life, of the comfort of her caller. That was Aunt Nelly's way.

Panting for breath, she said, "O John! I knew your father and your grandfather and your great-grandfather," and her pretty brown eyes shone brightly and her little white fingers clutched, as best they could, his hearty, warm hand.

Now, instead of saying, while he smoothed the white, flossy hair on her forehead, "Well, I presume that's the reason I like you so, auntie," or something like that, in dropping the subject, the great big man didn't know, and he blurted out, "That was long afore they came to this State;

must a' been when gran'ther lived away down East."

"Oh! yes, dear," she said, and her voice was pitched unnaturally high in her effort to speak distinctly; "you see, your great-grandfather lived down at the Point—he kept a lot of men working at the iron forges. When I was a little girl I used to sit out on the ledge in view of the lake and see the men pass to and from their work. There was Abel Wilder and Hutchins Hapgood, and John Cooley and Levi Bigelow, and Sam Giles and Silas Bullard and Henry Briggs and Oliver Green, and Philander Winslow and Noah Mattoon and Gibson's boys, and I don't know how many of 'em. He could afford to hire men—he was well-to-do. His wife was Wealthy Cobb; she was from the Academy at New Salem. Your grandfather went there to school, too, and he was married to Priscilla Foster. I have a piece of her wedding-dress in my hymn-book for a mark. Roxana Sprout and Polly Miller were her bridesmaids, so I've heard her tell."

Now this great man wouldn't remember these panting sentences that she had spoken with such effort not so long as till he would put up his horse after going home.

There he sat on the side of the bed, and her little fingers were rambling over his hand and wrist so like a child's that the sight was pitiful.

"I suppose," he said, "you moved to this State before this county was made?"

"No; the county was named when we came here, in 1810," and she breathed hard.

"But the history says it was made in 1812," said he, whooping loudly, and bending his face nearer hers.

"Does the history say that? Well, that is a mistake. Now I am real sorry that anything so important should be wrong. Are you sure of it, John?"

And then big John assured her that he had read it "more'n a dozen times," and she was troubled and vexed, and none of us knew what to do to put a pleasant ending to the man's call.

But a bit of harmless strategy accomplished it. A woman ran in and reported that the horse at the gate had loosed the bridle and a boy was holding him.

That started John. He never knew Selim to attempt such tricks before. And Selim whinnied and whisked his tail and his nostrils dilated, and if the whickering horse-laugh had been interpreted it would have been, "So, Master John, you got off the track that time, and didn't know it, either!"

And the dear old sick lady was soothed and cooed over and her pillows arranged another way, and some very sensible resolutions were adopted about admitting everybody and anybody as visitors.

And the poor, little, restless, blue-veined hand relaxed—

"A tired old hand
Written with many lines;
A faithful, weary hand, whereon
The pearl of great price shines!"

"For folded, as the winged fly
Sleeps in the chrysalis,
Within this little palm I see
That lovelier hand than this!"

And sitting that evening looking at the glowing burner, while we loosened our hair and took out our earrings, getting ready for bed in that cozy, delightful, dreamful way that all easy-going, leisurely inclined women have, we two talked together of the hard times that sick people have. We both said they were imposed upon—sometimes worried and hurried into their graves. We have all seen the sick lying half conscious, roused up by a hand on the forehead or a touch on the shoulder with, "How do you feel to-day?" or, "Do you know me? don't you remember me?" "Are you about crossing the Jordan, eh?" "Have you any disposal to make of that town lot?" or, "What is your mind about that hill field?" "Do you feel, father, as if you were done with the shores of Time?" "Well, gran'mother, are you about trying the realities of a never ending eternity?"

We said to a physician once, of a very sick man whose bedside had a circus-show attraction for the curious and kindly disposed persons of the neighborhood: "Do not the new faces and new voices, and the staring eyes and stealthy steps and whispering and leaning against the bed annoy poor Charlie?"

And the answer was in a scared whisper—"It is killing him!"

"Then why permit it? why contend with the disease and allow this constant annoyance? Better lock the door and let him die in peace."

"I did say to the friends that it was very hurtful, but they are afraid of giving offense if they refuse to let people come in," was his reply.

"The physician's orders should be given in a manner that means business. It is your place to dictate, and theirs to obey," we said, testily.

And when a few days later we stood at the grave and saw the emaciated form hidden forever from our sight, we sorrowed in disappointment and anger and pity for the poor, promising young life that had gone out so cruelly. When helpless and unable to care for himself, his friends, weak and irresolute, had failed to stand in the line of duty and justice; they had deserted him. It was a great mistake. The physician should enforce his orders if the friends are so blind that they cannot distinguish the right and know "whom they love most."

And, sitting there, we thought this: We should

VOL. LII.—12.

not demand to see a sick person; we should not feel injured if we cannot. The pastor, even, has no right to demand it. The sick must not be over-visited; better to leave an inquiry and a kindly word at the door and go away satisfied, as if one had had the interview. Ask if anything can be done for his comfort—if any need is not supplied.

Visits should be made short. The weakness should be considered. A long visit is very tiresome; to one who is weak it seems interminable. They turn and doze and wake; and there she is yet. The lull of the voice grows wearing, wearisome, monotonous, aggravating. What does he care then about the barn that was burned, the firm that made an assignment, the new building on Crow Alley, the time-table on the railroad, the festival, the party on a birthday, or the revival in the Brookside Church? He wonders and wonders why the visitor does not know enough to go home, and finally, when she does go, he is left feverish and weary and sleepless, and every bone in his poor body aches, and the visitor's kindly purpose is worse than defeated. Thousands better to have stayed away!

So, when you visit the sick, don't stay long; don't be noisy; don't bustle and laugh noisily; don't forget that you stand on delicate ground, and that a long stay may be hurtful and retard the patient's recovery. If you have ever been very sick yourself, try and remember how you felt before you were convalescent. The Golden Rule is applicable here. Visits should be cheerful. Care should be taken not to dwell too long on the subject of the disease. Do not tell of similar cases that were incurable, or what a dreadful time some one had with the same trouble that your friend has. The results of such conversation are depressing, and spoil the effect of an otherwise excellent visit. Remember, and tell no bad news, but bring in something bright and fresh from the outside world that will leave a good impression after you are gone. Wear a happy expression and carry with you a pleasant, human face. While your voice may be a little lower or softer than usual, keep your every-day tone. Watch and see the first sign of weariness; see the eyes close, a moment at a time, or see them search the face of the nurse as if questioning, scrutinizing, and when you see it go at once. Do not allow yourself to be dreaded as one who stays too long.

"She never knows when to go home," we often hear people say of one of the sweetest and best women we know. Well, it is all the fault she has, and that grows out of her very goodness of heart.

If a visitor is addicted to the vice of smoking, and enters a sick-room, he must not forget that he vitiates the whole atmosphere therein. This is a serious thing, but smokers make very light of it.

A young girl dangerously ill turned her face

close to her pillow and sobbed out—"Oh! I will be glad to die! I cannot endure this!" And then, when her dear friend put her fair, sweet face down besides hers on the pillow, and moaned out—"Is there nothing in this world that I can do for you?" the sick girl, moved by a sudden impulse, whispered, "No, no; no one must know it but you, and you won't tell it, will you? My poor, broken-hearted papa kisses me in his distress of mind, and the odor of the foul cigar is on my hands and face and clothes, and I fairly hate myself for it. It is so filthy!" The pitying friend did not tell, but the low indulgence of smoking was banished forever, and the father's clean, kind caress was loathsome no more.

A pretty little poem is drifting all over our land, called "Doctor Cat." How a cat came into the sick-room of a little boy, and the pleasure was so great that the disease turned favorably. The child's happiness and health came to him with the advent of the cat. So, carry with you to the sick-room a bit of cheer. If it is no larger than the sunbeam that steals in at a tiny crevice, it will have a ministry for good.

A pastor's visit should not be formal. It should be religious in atmosphere; to make it entirely religious, exclusively so, seems too closely akin to the practice that associates religion mainly with death and the future. We all know that it belongs to life and health as truly as to sickness and death, and there is just as good reason for speaking the name of Christ on the highway as in the sick-room. It is always appropriate. A visit may be useful and helpful without it, but is completer with it. Do not let the voice change in speaking from the secular to the sacred; it is repulsive, and suggests hypocrisy to have it change to a nosy, whine-y pulpit twang. Let there be nothing official about the visit to the sick; nothing like business or dealing or money matters should be thought of. Let all such visits, from first to last, be pleasant and helpful, the visit of a genial, sympathizing, Christian human being, trustful and cheerful.

It is kind to carry some little thing to the sick one, if the case is not very serious. A flower, a branch of beautiful leaves, a handful of sweet-smelling buds; a little candy flavored with cinnamon or cloves; a rare orange or some fine fresh lemons or grapes, tropical or otherwise; a cluster of drooping grasses, a clump of moss, a spray of meadow honeysuckles or wild pinks, or any trifling object like these, which is sure to give pleasure. If the invalid is fond of music, a hymn or song, if not difficult to render, is likewise a source of delight, especially one of the old, sweet hymns that Taylor thinks may be sang in Heaven by some of the saints who loved and sang it on earth.

Do not have a set of rules to go by; the visitor

needs to be spontaneous, sympathetic, genuine—suggested by the personal heart. The best preparation is not a memory stored with the substance of exhortation, with a set of quotations from the Scriptures, ready cut-and-dried, to drawl out with lengthened visage, but a genuine human sympathy for impulse; good common sense for guidance, and warm Christian life to give quality to the work.

Then let the heart speak—it can be trusted—and God will bless the effort and bring great good out of it; for "I was sick and ye visited me."

The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Seant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh! who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!

ROSELLA RICE.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

TWENTY-AND-FIVE fair years ago,
A blue-eyed girl, in garb of snow,
With virgin crimson flushing her white brow,
Stood at the holy shrine and breathed the bridal vow.

With bright hopes blossoming in yonthe's blue sky,
The blushing bride went forth with beaming eye,
To gather, in the sunshine of sweet days,
The buds of promise goldening green ways
Of wedded life; to night again she stands
Beside her early love, with matron hands
Full of God's gifts, that grew along the years
That lengthened from her bridal; naught of tears,
Through the long journey, furrows the fair brow
Of the blessed wife, who breathed the nuptial vow
Twenty-and-five fair years ago!

May the sweet music of the SILVER WEDDING drift
Through twenty-five as blooming, happy years
As those they've walked through from their youth,
and sift

Sunlight along the days, undimmed with tears—
Harmoniously, in life's declining sun,
Blend with the melody of a GOLDEN one,
Twenty-and-five fair years to come.

SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

BUT A PHILISTINE:*

A STORY OF THESE DAYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IS anything on your mind, Miss Vane?" asked Alsey, suddenly pausing in the midst of a story she was relating, and regarding her friend curiously.

Natalie roused herself with some compunction.

"What makes you ask that?" she inquired, parrying Alsey's question with another.

"Because you didn't seem to hear what I said. I don't believe you have the faintest idea what I was talking about. Confess now, you haven't?"

Alsey leaned forward from the window-seat on which she had dropped when she had entered the chamber, and looked with smiling archness in her friend's face.

"Do forgive me this time, Alsey," entreated Natalie, and she took the pretty face between her palms and gave it a little caressing shake. "Begin again, and I promise not to lose a syllable, an intonation. I will listen as they did when the smoke rose and the Sybil opened her lips to speak!"

Alsey's laugh rippled out merrily.

"The audience had to take the consequences," she said, "if they forgot and didn't heed the oracles; and so you, too, must pay the penalty and miss my story. It is one of the kind that always loses by a second telling. But this isn't the first time you haven't heard when I have been talking to you."

"Have I really been so impolite, Alsey?"

"There now! If you speak in that tone I shall repent telling you. One would think I had accused you of something dreadful. I only wanted to be sure that nothing was troubling you."

Natalie was touched by the fresh proof of Alsey's feeling which this speech evinced. For the first time she wondered a little at the girl's obliviousness, for Mr. Thorndike was not on guard in his niece's presence, and showed his liking for Miss Vane in very decided ways. No doubt Alsey's fondness for her friend went far to explain her blindness at this juncture. Natalie reflected, too, that all her future might owe its shaping to the girl's affection. Her next speech was born of a swift, grateful impulse that, before she was really aware, had broken into the words—"O Alsey! what a dear little simpleton you are!"

"Because I always want to see you look happy? Is that what constitutes a simpleton?"—her tone grave enough, but her eyes twinkling.

"You must find out the meaning for yourself," said Natalie, lightly. But a moment later her voice was a shade graver as she said: "You have made me very happy this summer, Alsey—happier than I ever expected to be again in my life!"

"Oh! how glad I am to hear you say that! I shall repeat it to Uncle Andrew. Do you know, if it were anybody else I should almost be jealous, he thinks so much of you!"

"How very absurd, child! I am sure you would never have such a feeling about me, let come what would."

Alsey could not dream of what the light tone covered or that the speaker felt for a moment that she was robbing the child of a part of her birth-right—a feeling that was followed by a swift resolve that Alsey should never have reason to regret what might happen—she should never be the loser in love or happiness if—

A low trill of laughter broke suddenly into Natalie's reflections.

"It is too funny to think about my ever being jealous of you, Miss Vane. The more Uncle Andrew thinks of you, the gladder I shall be. I never *would* have forgiven him if he hadn't liked you a great deal."

"That would have been rather hard on him, wouldn't it?"

"No; it would have been simply what he deserved. He was talking about you this morning before he went away. 'You and Miss Vane must have your ride this morning,' he said. 'You must do all you can, Pussy, to have her enjoy herself when I am not about.'

"I promised him I would, and then I said, 'Uncle Andrew, aren't you glad I got her to come to us this summer?' 'Oh! yes; I am very glad!' he answered. And then he laughed to himself. 'You little witch,' he said, 'you did me a mighty good turn that time!' And he came and took me in his arms and kissed me."

This was a part of the talk which took place one morning in Miss Vane's room before she and Alsey settled down to the drawing lesson which always preceded their ride.

Alsey's fatuity, however, was not shared by everybody under the roof at Oak Glades. Mrs. Bell's sharp black eyes let little escape that occurred within their range of vision. Her reasonings from these observations, too, usually hit the mark. With her sex's keen interest in all such matters, she had, from the first, been awake to any signs of partiality for his guest on the part of Mr.

Thorndike. She knew the man too well to give much weight to merely courteous attentions and gallant speeches. He could be lavish of these when the notion took him. The shrewd little housekeeper, too, had her private opinions about the ambushes that had been laid by more than one of the pretty women who from time to time glided across the threshold of Oak Glades.

But after some quiet observations Mrs. Bell had reached the conclusion that Miss Vane was not making a "dead set" at Mr. Thorndike; that she would not do that for any man.

The housekeeper's first liking for Natalie had grown into a warm feeling with longer acquaintance. She had watched Mr. Thorndike's bearing toward his guest with a deeper interest than that of mere feminine curiosity. But the frank, kindly intercourse of the two was not of the kind which gossip battens on. It was perfectly adapted to the relation which existed between Alsey's uncle and his niece's friend.

Within the last few weeks, however, a subtle change in Mr. Thorndike's manner had struck Mrs. Bell. It had a shade of something which she had never seen him exhibit toward any woman before. That morning, while the conversation was going on in Natalie's chamber, Mrs. Bell, below stairs, busied with some last touches she always reserved for her own hands in the library, was revolving a scene which she had witnessed the evening before.

She happened to be in the hall when Natalie descended the stairs to join Alsey outside. Mr. Thorndike must have caught the swift steps, for he came to the drawing-room door, paper in hand, when Natalie passed in her shade-hat.

"You ought to put on a shawl, Miss Vane," he said, observing that she wore no wrapping. "The dew has begun to fall. You forget that Maine is slightly nearer the North Pole than Massachusetts."

"So slightly, that the difference in latitude will do me no harm," answered Natalie, playfully, as she went out into the night with the thoughtlessness which is apt to come of youth and a perfect circulation.

Mr. Thorndike followed her, catching up a shawl which hung on the banister.

"I can't consent to your going out unless you wear this," he said, drawing the fleecy folds about the graceful shoulders. "If you will not take care of your health for your own sake, Miss Vane, you have still to remember that it is of the utmost consequence to somebody else."

The words meant something, but the look and tone which accompanied them meant more. They all came up to Mrs. Bell now, as she dusted the library table, and arranged books and bric-a-brac—a work which she would delegate to no house-maid. But her thoughts went more briskly than

the busy hands. "He can pay pretty compliments to a woman, and show her all sorts of attentions that will raise her hopes and make her think he's nibbling at her bait. But he's always on his guard and knows when he's gone just far enough. Haven't I seen him with that cool, amused look in his eyes when he was flattering some pretty woman, and I could have told her, for all her bright smiles, she was throwing out her lure in vain!"

"But it was all different last night. He was so quiet and earnest and tender. I've seen him put shawls on handsome women's shoulders before, but he never looked down on them in that way. She's never spread a net to catch him, and he knows that as well as I do. Taint in her to do it. But he might go the round world over and not find another like her. Bless her big brown eyes and that bend of her head that makes me think of a tall white lily! There's that darling little Alsey, too! There'd be no putting of noses out of joint if he chose her precious Miss Vane!"

"Well, one smaller doesn't make a summer. You must keep m'm as a mouse, Marthy Bell. But after what you saw last night it'll be your own fault if you don't carry a pair of wide-open eyes about with you—that's all."

These thoughts hummed like a hive of bees in the housekeeper's busy brain that morning as she flapped her dust-brush about the carved legs of the antique library table. The thoughts did credit to her native acuteness, but they owed their inspiration and coloring in a large degree to a warm, impulsive heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE was company again at Oak Glades. This time the number of guests was so large that it taxed the housekeeper's resources to accommodate them with sleeping-quarters. But they were all at last comfortably bestowed under the ample roof and settled themselves down to what the younger members of the party called "a gloriously good time."

There were about a dozen people, and some of these met by accident and some by prearrangement. Among the latter were the wife and daughter of an old business friend of the host's.

The two men had known each other from boyhood. Kindred purposes and ambitions had dominated them in their youth. Each had had a hard tussle with poverty at the beginning; each had made it the supreme aim of his life to win a fortune. Faculty and energy had had their reward in both cases. Jack Dayton, as well as Andrew Thorndike, had lived to see himself a rich man.

Mrs. Dayton was a stately matron, and had a well-preserved complexion. She had been a village-belle, and still retained much of her youth-

ful comeliness. Her dress, her bearing, her whole manner showed her at once a woman of society. This manner had been carefully cultivated after certain models, and was largely the result of a faculty for keen surface observation, combined with considerable acquaintance with life in her own country and abroad.

She was a woman of immense social ambitions, very persistent in carrying out any plan on which she set her heart; and she could bring a good deal of feminine shrewdness and finesse to bear on occasion.

Mrs. Dayton brought with her Dora, the younger of her daughters. They had spent part of the season at Newport, part at Saratoga. Dora was pretty enough to make a sensation wherever she went. She had all her mother's young bloom of complexion, with finer outlines of cheek and chin. Her eyes were of the darkest violet shade, and all about the fair young forehead clustered the curls whose bright yellow might well suggest the gleaming of the golden fleece. In foreign lands, where Dora had spent much of her girlhood, young lovers had raved over that golden hair until there was danger of the pretty head that carried it being quite upset by the flattery.

Mrs. Dayton plumed herself on a good many personal and social adjuncts. But she believed she had one paramount claim to distinction, and that was that she belonged to the nobility of Europe. This claim was based partly on some visits she had made in English country-houses and in homes of titled people on the Continent, but more especially on the fact that the elder of her daughters had married a German Count. He himself felt that he had shown his wife and her family an inconceivable condescension when he made her a Countess, though he was deeply in debt, as he had wasted his slender patrimony in dissipations, and the shortest way out of his embarrassments seemed to be through a rich father-in-law. Bertha herself had not found her marriage a blissful one, and knew that her husband's family regarded her as a plebeian, though her father had the honor of supporting herself and her husband with his vulgar commercial gold.

But though Mrs. Dayton might occasionally be made conscious of these drawbacks, they were usually swallowed up in the immense satisfaction of knowing that she was the mother of a Countess. It made her secretly, and whenever circumstances permitted openly, contemptuous of everything American. She had during the last years lived much abroad, and she aped foreign manners, habits ways of life. She had become in taste and feeling thoroughly denationalized. She had learned some of the shibboleth of artistic circles, and was fond of quoting the opinions and doings of the American colony in Paris and regretting the fall of the Empire. She regarded it as her

great misfortune that she had been born on the Western Continent, and could expatiate for hours on the comfort and satisfaction of belonging to a small, privileged patrician caste.

This woman, who owed everything she had and was to the larger freedom and wider opportunities of her native land, and who, born under the social conditions she affected, would have been ranked with the peasant class and rigidly excluded from any other, had no pride in her birthright, no sense of gratitude to those who had paid the heavy price for it. She would have met any suggestion of this sort with a sneer at the "American eagle," and finished by growing pathetic and patronizing over the fact that there was "no society in America."

Mrs. Dayton regarded her residence at home in the light of an exile. She felt herself a sort of missionary among aborigines when she was on her native soil. But she never absorbed anything that was fine in the elder civilization. Its noble characters, its inspiring legends, its grand historic lessons, were nothing to her. Her knowledge and experience were used in her native land to inculcate a feeling of exclusiveness and to awaken a faint echo of mediæval social traditions and ideas.

But though she enjoyed the great distinction of being the mother of a Countess, Mrs. Dayton did not find her life at all times one of absolute bliss. Her husband had never more than partially shared his wife's ambitions in these directions. He had from the beginning often expressed a doubt whether "the game was worth the candle," which, translated into plain prose, meant whether the honor of having a Count for a son-in-law was vast enough to pay for supporting him.

Of late, however, the call for remittances had been so frequent, and for such large amounts, that even Mrs. Dayton had become alarmed, especially when the Count's extravagances forced some new economies on herself and Dora.

Mr. Dayton had lost all patience with his son-in-law. He frequently sent him and his title to the dogs, and declared he would not pay the Count's gambling debts. He had even gone so far as to say he would sooner give his younger daughter to a day laborer than to the biggest upstart lord of them all. He expressed these sentiments in one of his rages of course, and Mrs. Dayton did not in the least doubt her power to manage him when it came to Dora's marriage, as she had in Bertha's. But the fact that her husband had lost heavily in some late speculations made his tongue and his temper particularly aggravating when it came to any demands on his purse.

All these facts had had their influence in bringing Mrs. Dayton to Oak Glades that summer. She had come, she told herself, to see how the land lay, which figure, reduced to fact, meant to

see whether she should or not set heart and soul at work to bring about a marriage between Dora and Mr. Thorndike.

The two families had always known each other. The men had had more or less business relations, which had brought their wives into a social contact. This was, of course, long before Mrs. Dayton went abroad or had European ambitions.

Her husband had always liked Mr. Thorndike, and had spoken of him with the respect which one successful business man feels for another. A rich son-in-law, solid and substantial, would go far to counterbalance the drawbacks which were bound up with Bertha's title. Desirable as a Count was in a family, he had proved a most expensive luxury, and the Dayton's could not afford another.

Mr. Thorndike was a very rich man, and, her husband always declared, bound to get richer. He had been fond of Dora, had held her on his knee and petted her in his man's fashion when she was a child. That he was old enough to be her father was a fact to which Mrs. Dayton did not give a second thought. A little frost in one's hair and beard does not make an old man, and Andrew Thorndike would not look out of place as a young woman's husband, especially as he would be a rich one.

Mrs. Dayton had kept her own counsel when she proposed to Dora that they should run off with some friends to Oak Glades for a few days. Dora was not quite conscious of the fact herself, but she was really in the matrimonial market for the highest bidder. She was a little over twenty, and, though her nature had been greatly warped by her training, she still retained something of the freshness and naturalness of girlhood. She carried out, with entire unconsciousness, the rôle her mother desired. She was fond of her father's old friend, and hung about him with jests and pretty girlish ways, to which he responded much as he did to Alsey's. He liked Dora; thought her mother, with her ridiculous airs and her European nonsense, had not quite spoiled the child, after all. Shrewd as he was, it never entered his mind that her mother could have any matrimonial designs at the bottom of this visit. Dora Dayton, the pretty, graceful girl of twenty, still seemed to Andrew Thorndike the child he had trotted on his knee.

Oak Glades was very gay now with bright laughter and merry voices, with coming and going, with all the life and color that a crowd of guests bring in their train.

There was nothing very distinctive about the ladies of the party. They were pretty much what polished society and prosperous surroundings make of ordinary women. Their gay dresses made lovely effects when they walked about the grounds, and they were quite equal to all the graceful duties of drawing-room and dinner table. They were not

above being a good deal impressed by Mrs. Dayton's decided personality—by her habit of recurring to her acquaintance with titled persons as well as by her quiet way of alluding to "her son and daughter, the Count and the Countess."

A trio of Harvard undergraduates dropped in unexpectedly on the party, and were induced to stay two or three days. They were making the round of the mountains on foot, and appeared—happy, jolly, good-hearted young fellows—sun-browned and footsore, in their flannel suits. Of course, they brought a fresh element of young life to the party.

Mrs. Dayton was in the best of moods. She had great faith in her adroitness to seize happy moments and make events serve her turn. She relaxed the strict surveillance which, following the European models, she had exercised over her daughter; and the girl, in a seventh heaven with her new freedom, went, unchecked, her way of young mirth and gayety.

There was, however, one person at Oak Glades toward whom, from the beginning, Mrs. Dayton had felt a subtle antagonism. This was Natalie Vane. The elder lady experienced a little uneasiness under the surprise with which she learned that the younger was passing the summer here. The feeling was not lessened when, keenly on the watch, she observed Mr. Thorndike's manner toward his niece's friend. Mrs. Dayton could not, either, be long in the house without becoming aware of Alsey's attachment to Miss Vane. This was certain to overflow in a kind of enthusiastic praises in the latter's absence.

Mrs. Dayton soon began to have a secret jealousy of Miss Vane, as of one who might possibly stand in the way of the carrying out of her new plans. Natalie's beauty, and a personality that lay behind and vastly heightened its charm, were facts to which Mrs. Dayton's secret antipathy could not blind her. She soon made up her mind that this young person had her own game to play, and that her long visit at Oak Glades was a part of it.

This conviction was a very natural one on the part of the elder woman. It would have been impossible for her to conceive of the scruples which made Natalie hesitate so long in accepting Mr. Thorndike's offer. If Mrs. Dayton judged other people by her own standards, she only did what most human beings do. She was, however, too thoroughly a woman of the world to let any hint of her feeling escape her. Indeed, as her jealous dislike grew more decided, she made it a point to be lavish of kind speeches and polite attentions to Miss Vane when they were thrown together.

One morning the young people were out on the piazza after breakfast. Raymond Gladden—or Ray, as most of the world called him—was gazing

at the horizon through his field-glass. He was one of the Harvard undergraduates. Natalie liked his brave, honest, sun-browned face. He might have stood, she thought, for a young Hercules, with his broad shoulders and his stalwart limbs, full of youthful strength and vigor.

Ray sometimes caught a glance in the brown eyes when they met his which he could not fathom. He was a good deal fascinated with Alsey at this time, but he did think Miss Vane's were the finest eyes he had ever seen. He could not know when he surprised that look that he had, for the moment, suggested another youth at his age—a youth at Harvard, too, with the down of early manhood about his chin.

Natalie happened to be out on the piazza not far from Ray Gladden this morning. He suddenly turned and came toward her, holding out the field-glass and saying :

"Won't you take a look at Mount Washington, Miss Vane? One doesn't often have a chance to see the old fellow through such an atmosphere."

"Thank you," said Natalie, as she took the glass. "I usually come out here after breakfast, but the mists do not often allow me a glimpse of the mountain. How grandly he lifts that gray shoulder against the blue this morning! It is always the centre of the landscape to me. So many other eyes besides mine are turned toward that summit all summer—from such a wide area, too! The thought gives one a larger sense of human companionship."

"You have thrown a poetic halo about the gray stones," said young Gladden, half gayly, half seriously. "Two or three mornings later, when I watch the sunrise from that summit, I shall turn and salute you, Miss Vane."

"Thank you," replied Natalie. "It is dreadfully unromantic to say so, but I shall probably be sound asleep at that particular moment."

While this talk was going on the rest of the young people, grouped at the other end of the piazza, were having theirs too. It was full of all bright nonsense and broken by peals of laughter.

In one of the slight pauses Dora Dayton found time to think and ask suddenly :

"What is to be the programme for to-day, Alsey?"

"What do you want it, Dora?"

"Oh! something new and delightful," exclaimed Dora, whose spirits were fairly running away with her in the rare freedom she had found at Oak Glades. She was often restive under her mother's espionage. "I want to have a delicious old lark—something awfully jolly and daring and dreadful!"

"How would an elopement suit you, Miss Dayton?" asked one of the Harvard fellows—a tall, Saxon-featured, light-haired junior.

"Oh! nothing in the world would delight me so much!" promptly rejoined the girl.

Of course, there was a chorus of laughter at this reply, and Alsey, equal to the occasion, said :

"You shall have Brownie to go off on, Dora, only you must promise to bring her back. I can't lose her, even for an elopement."

"And I never would stir an inch under those conditions," retorted Dora, shaking her head archly at Alsey, while the fluffy hair shone bright through all its crimped masses in the sunshine. "Ah, my little Alsey! I have just discovered the depth of your friendship for me. You won't even sacrifice your horse to my romance!"

Fresh peals of laughter from the gay, thoughtless creatures followed this remark, and then somebody said to Alsey :

"If we are not to have an elopement, do think of the next best thing."

She reflected a moment.

"We might go to Moose Notch," she said.

"Where is that?" spoke up several voices.

"It is the loveliest place—wild and romantic and bewitching beyond anything you can imagine. It is about ten miles off. The drive is awfully rough, but one doesn't mind that, and when you once get into the Notch you have the falls before you—the river dashing and leaping over the rocks, like some great, live creature. One can't describe such things. But people come for miles around to see those falls and the wonderful scenery about them. There are such delightful little nooks along the banks for picnics, green and shady. Somebody has said that such pretty, dainty bits could only have been intended for the dining-halls of the fairies."

"Let us go and see it all." "Can't it be today?" "Wouldn't it be jolly to have a picnic there?" A swift fire of comment and question ran about the group, whose blood was stirred by curiosity and young love of adventure.

"We could go as well as not if Uncle Andrew would only consent," replied Alsey.

At that instant the gentleman in question appeared in the doorway with Mrs. Dayton. He had been escorting her over the house—he was rather fond of displaying the premises to his guests—and Mrs. Dayton had been charmed with the comfort and elegance of the interior and with its general resemblance to the English country-houses she had visited. "A man must be rich to keep up a summer home of that kind, and Andrew Thorndike never went beyond his means." This was the undercurrent of her reflections as she moved from room to room, lavishing comment and praise in a way best calculated to gratify her host.

"Ah, you young people! you seem in high feather this morning!" Mr. Thorndike saluted the group on the piazza.

"Of course we are!" exclaimed Dora, coming swiftly toward him. "And you are the one man

of all the world whom we most desire to see at this moment!"

"Then I am the happiest one," Mr. Thorndike replied, with ready gallantry.

The girl would have reminded one who had seen it of Hamon's radiant Aurora at the moment when she draws the convolvulus to her lips and drinks the dew from the flower. All the beauty and grace of ripening girlhood hung about Dora. Around her forehead and low on her temples gleamed and rippled the halo of her golden hair. The dark azure of her eyes shone like a deep lake touched with the sunrise. She was rather tall, and her graceful slenderness was draped in some fine fabric of Eastern wool, whose folds clung close around her, while their soft shell-pink gave a tender, flower-like glow to her face.

Mrs. Dayton was delighted. The fair, blooming creature stood under Mr. Thorndike's eyes. What mortal man could fail to be moved by such a sight?

The lady turned to him, saying playfully:

"This daughter of mine has slipped entirely out of my control since we came to Oak Glades. It is wholly your fault, Mr. Thorndike. She knows she is safe under your wing, behave as badly as she may."

"So she is," he rejoined. "You shall have your own way, Dora, so long as you keep that pretty face of yours under my wing."

It seemed impossible not to pay her a compliment, though Mr. Thorndike ought to have known that it would be likely to do her more harm than good. But Dora was too intent on the matter in hand to heed the flattery this time.

"Mr. Thorndike," she began, breathlessly, "we have all set our hearts on going to Moose Notch to day. We mean to have a picnic there and a glorious lark generally. Do say we may and that you will go with us!"

"Yes, Uncle Andrew, do say we may!" added Alsey's silvery treble, as she came and stood by her friend.

They were both blondes of different types. If Dora Dayton made one think of Aurora, Alsey was a rosy Bacchante.

"Moose Notch?" repeated Mr. Thorndike. "That means ten miles of the roughest hill-road in this county. Think of the pitches and of your bones, young women!"

"We will take the risk for our bones," cried Alsey, airily.

"Yes, indeed, we will," added Dora.

"My dear, do you know what you are saying?" interposed her mother.

"Now, mamma, don't, please," answered the daughter, impatiently. "You always do object to things. Do let me have my fill of fun once. You know this is America."

"And the best place on the planet. Mind that,

Dora," added Mr. Thorndike, who, while he had a certain liking for Jack Dayton's wife—a liking that was woven of old strands of association and friendly intercourse—still felt a sensible man's disgust at her European affectations.

The rest of the young people, all eager for the excursion, now gathered about the host. Alsey suddenly caught sight of Miss Vane with Ray Gladden, still occupied with the field-glass, at the corner of the piazza.

"Do come here, Miss Vane," she called. "We are all going to Moose Notch this morning."

Her uncle made a wry face.

"That is taking matters into your own hands with a vengeance," he said. "Here is an example of my authority"—turning to Mrs. Dayton. "These young minxes ride over us rough-shod." But when her uncle spoke in that tone Alsey Faxon knew she was sure in the end to carry her point.

At that moment Miss Vane, with Ray Gladden, approached the group. She came by the side of the young man, tall and fair and graceful. She wore a morning dress of pale-yellow bunting. A wide sash of gold satin was knotted at her waist. The sunlight dwelt like a tender caress on all the pure lines of the face and neck. The dark eyes had gazed into the summer morning until they seemed to have caught its radiance. Under its nimbus of auburn-brown hair the face had the rich warmth of some beautiful flower.

If Natalie had had a secret purpose to aggravate Mrs. Dayton, she could not have better chosen time and place. She happened to come close to Dora's side. Even the bunting held its own in proximity with the Eastern fabric. Mrs. Dayton, who patronized Paris dressmakers, was alive to that fact. But this was quite swallowed up in the sense of what was taking place under Mr. Thorndike's eyes. Her dislike became suddenly a vindictive feeling toward the young woman who was standing in her insolent beauty by her daughter's side. What business had she to come there under Mr. Thorndike's eyes at that particular moment?

Mrs. Dayton's aggravation would not have been lessened could she have read the gentleman's thoughts at that juncture. "Ah, my dear!" he was saying to himself; "you are positively dazzling. They are all birds of fine feather, but you can hold your own among the best. You would do for the king's mate"—and he actually thought of that old story of Cophetua which he had read in his boyhood.

"Didn't I hear something about Moose Notch?" inquired Natalie.

Alsey took it upon herself to reply.

"We are all going to start for it at once."

Natalie turned for corroboration to Mr. Thorndike.

"They have come on me like an avalanche,

Miss Vane," he said. "Won't you take a strong stand against steep pitches, stiff bones, and Moose Notch?"

"That is asking too much," gayly answered Natalie. "I am ready to encounter pitches and risk bones for the sake of Moose Notch."

The younger people set up a cheer; the elder came out of the house to learn what it meant. They, too, caught the spirit of the moment, and did not demur to the drive on the score of distance or rough roads.

The young people had carried the day, when Mr. Thorndike set out for Mrs. Bell, who was soon at her wits'-ends packing fat hampers for the picnic.

"But it was that Miss Vane who turned the scales," reflected Mrs. Dayton, as she mounted the staircase. "Have a pair of fine eyes bewitched Andrew Thorndike?"

Mrs. Dayton had a keen scent for people's antecedents and genealogies. Her knowledge of Miss Vane's past hardly extended beyond the fact that she was the daughter of a clergyman. Her simple, unaffected grace of presence and manner was something which a woman of the world could not fail to accept as evidence of good breeding; but all this only enhanced the growing ill-will of the elder woman toward the younger.

Mrs. Dayton had more than once calculated the cost of Miss Vane's toilet, from the bits of old lace at her throat to the rosettes on her slippers. The general inexpensiveness was only a fresh tribute to the taste of the wearer. How did that young woman contrive to get such effects out of such slender means! Mrs. Dayton actually thought, with a pang of envy, of her Paris dry goods and dressmakers' bills. But she at once inferred that Miss Vane could not be a young lady of fortune.

As she mounted the last stair that morning, Alsey's voice came to her through an open door:

"Our drawing lessons have come to a dead stand-still, Miss Vane."

"There is no help for it just now," replied another voice. "We must try and catch up when we are by ourselves again."

Mrs. Dayton paused for a moment. There was a curious flash in her eyes. She had a hard line of jaw which showed itself with certain expressions. It came out strongly now.

"Ah!" she mentally ejaculated. "I've struck the trail, as I live! The creature is a drawing-teacher! So her pretty face and her fine manners come down to that! It's enough to disgust one with American society. But I have got hold of her status, and I shall choose my own time and way to make her feel it before I get through with her."

These thoughts, you must remember, flashed rapidly through Mrs. Dayton's brain. If she had read them coolly on paper she would probably

have felt ashamed of them. But there was a tone of triumphant malice through all her reflections as she prepared herself for the drive to Moose Notch that morning.

And in the opposite chamber Natalie Vane was getting ready, too—humming little, happy airs to herself—not dreaming she had made an enemy who was biding her time to strike her a blow.

CHAPTER XX.

THOUGH the road was rough and steep, nobody who went to Moose Notch was ever known to regret it. The sylvan wildness of the scene—the gray rocks, their harsh outlines softened by moss and lichen; the ancient woods, full of the mysterious charm of primeval nature—amply repaid one for the long climb into the heart of the reft solitude.

But the poetry of Moose Notch was in its falls. The river, which flowed for miles over a broad, level bed, was suddenly forced into a narrow chasm between high walls of rock. The brown, winding current underwent a swift transformation. It swept—a white, glittering thing—down that granite stairway of more than forty feet; it tore itself against the splintered rocks; it shook the air like thunder as it came, leaping and flashing, down the steep gorge like some wild creature fierce for its freedom.

Below the falls, where the stream widened again into rich, brown shallows, or flashed over the stones and rocky terraces in little, glittering cascades, the banks were bewitching. Nature had let her fancy run riot in all sorts of pretty, fairy haunts and nooks, embowered in shade and brightened with the religious light of that tender sunshine which filters through roofs of green leaves.

Along the banks, too, lay little grassy openings, level as a floor, with soft, frequent patches of shade from the cedars and birches. These openings were daintily suggestive of wild-wood parlors and fairy dances in summer moonlights. The puzzle always was which of the fragrant, woody nooks to choose for a picnic. Each had some distinctive witchery of its own. Somebody visiting Moose Notch and quoting Charles Lamb had declared that "if one could cut civilization and live in that lovely freedom and solitude, one always could be good and happy as the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains."

The party reached Moose Notch after a three hours' drive up the hills. There had been a good deal of hard jolting and plenty of shrieks and merriment from the younger people, but nobody was conscious of any serious damage to bones and tendons when they at last alighted from the various vehicles.

The picnic consisted largely of young people. They were gay as creatures gone wild at a carni-

val. They scattered in groups among the woods and risked their necks in perilous places about the rocks and falls. The silences rung with their laughter—the echoes sent back their shouts; the greenwood was all alive with bright, moving color, until it seemed that the old dream of the Greeks had come true at last: that joyous creatures had gathered from rocks and trees and waters to hold their revels in the ancient woods. But these young creatures, brimming over with happiness, would not have envied the immortals. It seemed as though every joyous drop of blood in their veins was that mysterious ichor that could never know change or decay. This day was certain to be one of those memories that last through a lifetime. When some of those glossy heads were gray, their owners would recall these hours with a sudden leap of the joyous pulses of their youth.

At last the whole party gathered, flushed and hungry from climbs and rambles, to choose a place for the lunch. They settled on one of the beautiful little ovens above the falls, where the song of the waters filled the air like a low musical accompaniment.

No king's palace hall was ever so wonderful as that little greenwood room, which Nature had carpeted with her softest grasses and shut in with grand old trees and green thickets. Here some busied themselves with gathering branches and building fires, while others laid the cloth and unpacked Mrs. Bell's hampers, and at last they all settled themselves down on the grass to their lunch with that sort of appetite which one never brings to a well-ordered table.

But that picnic had its dramatic moments, too, and these fell late in the afternoon, when the lunch was over and the party had left the "open" and scattered itself in groups about the banks and in the woods.

All the loveliness of nature, all the large and tender suggestions that lie in her noble and beautiful landscapes, are lost on some people. Mrs. Dayton had, as we know, brought a secret grudge to Moose Notch. A good many trifling things had occurred during the day to aggravate it. Those little polite attentions which Mr. Thorndike had shown Miss Vane had not escaped the elder woman's watchfulness. If there was a fine view to be had, he took care that Alsey's friend should not lose it. He showed an interest in what she said, he was solicitous for her comfort in a variety of ways, all of which were an offense in Mrs. Dayton's eyes.

"Men are fools!" she thought. "And Andrew Thorndike, with all his good sense, is no better than the rest of them. She is deep, too, I see, and knows how to play her game. But I hold a card in reserve that my lady doesn't count on!"

The personal bitterness which Mrs. Dayton felt toward Miss Vane had its root in jealous alarm.

Not that the former suspected anything serious at the bottom of Mr. Thorndike's evident admiration. But a man who has no intentions of matrimony may yet be under such a spell of fascination for one woman that she puts all the rest of her sex in the background to him.

No one was better aware of this fact than Mrs. Dayton. Her suspicions made her do Natalie the keenest injustice. She did not doubt that Miss Vane had contrived to win Alsey's heart with an eye to the girl's uncle. That any young woman in her situation would not raise heaven and earth to secure such a matrimonial prize as Andrew Thorndike was simply inconceivable. But that a woman who had come to Oak Glades as Alsey's drawing-teacher, and who, consequently, was relegated to the class who drew wages, might prevent a consummation Mrs. Dayton devoutly hoped for was not to be endured.

She was accustomed to doing things with a high hand. She would have liked to make it uncomfortable for Natalie to remain at Oak Glades at this juncture. If she could not accomplish that, she would behave toward her in a manner that would make it agreeable for the young woman to keep as little in her way as possible. Dora would in that case have the better chance with Mr. Thorndike. "It will go hard with me if I cannot keep a clear field for the child," said the match-making mother.

The party, as we said, broke into groups and scattered after the lunch. Natalie set out alone for a short ramble up the banks. On her return she came suddenly upon a little group of matrons, who, disinclined to further exertions, had disposed themselves on a bit of grassy slope, where some large cedars flung the long, cool shadows of the lengthening afternoon. Natalie startled the group as she suddenly appeared before them. The gray shade hat, the slender alpenstock, might have suggested a shepherdess with her crook to a dull imagination. She had come across a wild vine, whose graceful tendrils had attracted her, and tearing off a long branch, she had thrown it over her shoulder, where it hung like a scarf, and again her face glowed above the green like a rich flower.

"I had no idea of surprising you in this fashion," she saluted the group, as she leaped lightly from a dry boulder on the edge of the river-bed to the bank.

"O Miss Vane! are you really 'Maid Marian' suddenly come out of the woods?" exclaimed one of the ladies, a lively little brunette.

"Hardly, as I didn't leave Robin Hood in the forest," Natalie answered, laughing a little, as she stood still and surveyed the party with her swift artist's eye for its grouping.

At that moment Ray Gladden burst into some thick brake on a knoll at the left. He had gone

off with Alsey and her companions, and rushed back on some errand for the young people. Nobody was aware of his proximity. But he, too, was struck by the picture before him, and he paused for a moment to take in the bright color, the pretty attitudes framed by the gray rocks and the green cedars.

"Miss Vane looks pretty enough to be Maid Marian or Rosalind" or, for that matter, any rôle she might choose," said one of the ladies *sotto voce* to Mrs. Dayton, who sat near.

The latter swept a cold, critical glance over the figure in front of her. What she saw was not likely to allay some feeling which had been secretly uppermost all day.

"I suppose so," her voice keyed to her neighbor's, but it conveyed a cold disapproval. "It is a matter of taste, of course, but I am not fond of seeing young women pose for effect."

This was the first time Mrs. Dayton had allowed her secret feeling to escape her. She had not even confided it to Dora, who had taken a liking to Natalie.

This speech did not reach Natalie, who now approached the group and threw herself down on a bit of grass-cushioned earth, thus, in Ray Glad-den's eyes, adding the finest effect to the picture.

Mrs. Dayton had been in her element for the last hour. She had been talking about the titled people whom she knew abroad, and the English lord and the German baroness she had met that summer at Newport. She had impressed her audience a good deal. She had enlarged with the air of one to the manner born on the repose and satisfaction to be found in a "select and privileged society, such as one could have no idea of in America," her voice dropping to a half-pathetic, half-patronizing key in the last clause.

"But you know," rejoined one of her hearers, rather seriously, "we in America believe that the world was made for the average—not for a small, favored class, who shall take all that is best and finest to themselves and leave the others out in the cold."

The lady who spoke for her own land was a little, delicate-featured, hazel-eyed woman. She looked as though she might be put down rather easily. But Natalie's appearance on the scene at that moment had made a diversion.

Mrs. Dayton resumed the talk in a moment. "That notion of the world being made for the average," she said, assuming her stately air, "is, in my opinion, a thoroughly mischievous one. It lies at the bottom of all that is crude and vulgar in American society. I am a profound believer in caste. There can be no well-organized social life where there exists no distinct and privileged order, with all its traditions of high birth and inherited wealth and long-used power. Indeed, all persons of rank who visit the States are pain-

fully impressed with the utter disregard of system and orderly sequence in our social conditions. I hope our manners will mend with time and the knowledge which a larger intercourse with the best foreign society can alone bestow."

With this expression of her sentiments, Mrs. Dayton, sitting in the shadow of the cedar-tree, looked around her audience with the air of one who had spoken *ex cathedra*.

But the talk was, for the most part, lost on the person at whom it had been secretly aimed. Natalie was not in the habit of giving more than polite attention to Mrs. Dayton's remarks. Had she caught every syllable she would have found it difficult to believe that one of her own country-women could be seriously avowing such sentiments.

There was a significant pause. Nobody seemed inclined to reply. The silence was not encouraging.

Mrs. Dayton began to feel that she had overshot her mark. An audience of American women might question the good taste of such strictures. But what exasperated her was the sight of Miss Vane, a little way off, looking as happily reposeful and unconscious as though she were a goddess whom no shafts of envious mortals could reach.

The sight made Mrs. Dayton, who was used to carrying her point, resolve to strike home. She would send her arrow into that self-complacent young woman's soul.

But Mrs. Dayton, intent only on piercing her enemy's armor, forgot there might be weaknesses in her own.

When she spoke again it was in that slightly raised tone which, addressing nobody in particular, yet commands general attention.

"If I seem to speak with a good deal of feeling," she said, "it is because the whole matter is always painfully forced on me when I return to America. One is almost certain to be drawn into unpleasant social relations on this side of the Atlantic. You are never sure of your next neighbor. You are liable to stumble on persons who insult you by presuming on social equality. One cannot, of course, be forever hunting up antecedents and genealogies. That is the worst of it. You may be thrown with persons who are at service. I don't mean the domestic sort, of course; but I include under that head all those who have to earn their living by some form of labor—the wage-earning class."

Mrs. Dayton brought out her climax with immense emphasis. She had waxed warm as she proceeded. But she would hardly have ventured so far had there been no private spite to indulge.

The group of women who listened to Mrs. Dayton were of the average sort in mind and character. Her rather arrogant personality and her large acquaintance with transatlantic life had had

its influence with most of them. They could not have agreed with her sentiments. Perhaps each waited for the other to speak, with a feeling that it would not be agreeable to enter on a discussion with Mrs. Dayton. Some of her audience probably feared lest she should suspect the "shoe had pinched" if her opinions were challenged.

It could not enter Natalie's thoughts that Mrs. Dayton's remarks had any reference to herself. She did not dream that the elder woman cherished any ill-will toward her. She was certainly the last woman in the world whom Natalie would have chosen to engage in a discussion. She had some very decided opinions regarding Mrs. Dayton from their first interview. But, as nobody spoke, it seemed to devolve on Natalie to take up the gauntlet for her own land, or, by remaining silent, feel herself rather a coward. Her very reluctance to speak was probably what forced her into it at last.

"But this favored class which you admire, Mrs. Dayton," she said, "can only exist by the sacrifice, more or less, of the majority. That, surely, in the end, cannot be just. I think our fathers did the noblest of all their noble work, when they laid the foundations of a new social order in a new world, by resolving that every man should have an equal chance."

Miss Vane had spoken for her country. There was a slight stir of approval among the ladies.

But Mrs. Dayton felt that she had Natalie now in a corner. There was a gleam of cold triumph in her eye, though her tones had never been blander than when she said :

"There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of truth in what you say, Miss Vane. I admit that. But you, too, would doubtless draw the lines somewhere; you would not surely incline to make companions of the class I have spoken of—the working people?"

Mrs. Dayton had, as we have seen, gone quite too far in the inferences she drew from the conversation she had overheard that morning. She took it for granted that Natalie would wish to keep secret the position which she held in Mr. Thorndike's household. Mrs. Dayton intended in due time to acquaint the others with her discovery; but it would have a more startling effect if she could force Miss Vane into virtually disclaiming it.

The woman was not, as a rule, malicious. But Natalie was, in her eyes, a rival. She had a vengeful longing to put her down.

The girl's low laugh had the slightest touch of scorn through its amusement.

"In that case I should have to exclude myself," she replied. "I belong to the class of which you speak, Mrs. Dayton. I am one of the working people."

There was another little stir—this time of surprised curiosity—among the audience.

The reply was not what Mrs. Dayton had expected. But she was too eager for her chance to miss it. She drew her head up haughtily; she fixed Natalie with a frozen stare.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I could not, of course, be presumed to know you were speaking for the class to which you belong."

The tone and look, even more than the words, made this speech an insult. Just then nobody had the courage to look at Natalie Vane.

There was a flash of indignant color all over her face; then she grew pale, as the thought leaped through her brain: "This woman has deliberately insulted me."

The way one takes a blow is a test of one's temper. Miss Vane sat quite still, her eyes fastened on Mrs. Dayton. The latter felt her cheeks begin to flush.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was a stir in the bushes overhead; then Ray Gladden leaped into the circle.

Everybody felt his appearance as a fortunate diversion.

He announced his errand—a small matter, at best—with his usual happy liveliness. Then he turned to Natalie, saying :

"I shall carry back some agreeable tidings, Miss Vane. Everybody is wondering what can have become of you."

"I will take them myself," exclaimed Natalie, springing to her feet with a swift sense of relief at this door of escape from Mrs. Dayton's proximity.

The latter was not altogether comfortable. It might strike other people that her remarks had taken the form of a gratuitous insult to Miss Vane. With all her native pertinacity and resolve to carry her own point in any given case, Mrs. Dayton was solicitous for the good opinions of others.

Partly with a desire to justify herself, partly to still further disparage Natalie, she turned to her next neighbor, saying, with a little, apologetic laugh :

"My dear, it is never a pleasant duty to set people where they belong."

"But I don't quite understand. Miss Vane does not seem the sort of person to assume anything. She is certainly Mr. Thorndike's guest," said the little, dark-eyed lady who had first greeted Natalie as "Maid Marian." In her eagerness her sentences jarred each other.

Mrs. Dayton replied to the last one:

"Rather equivocally his guest. She came to Oak Glades, as I understand, in an uncertain capacity—a teacher of something for Alsey. But that sort of people seldom know their place."

Mrs. Dayton had a way of saying things which lent them weight.

It was not to the credit of Mrs. Dayton's audience that Natalie, for the moment, underwent some loss in the general estimation. At any rate, a little confused by the speech and overawed by the presence of the stately lady, nobody had the courage to speak up just then in Miss Vane's defense.

She had gone on in the narrow footpath a little ahead of Ray Gladden. She was glad to be alone for a few moments. Her nerves were a good deal shaken and she had that dazed feeling which is apt to follow any kind of sudden blow.

Natalie Vane was a proud, sensitive woman. She had the high temper of her race. Flashes of fierce resentment went through her at the wanton insult she had received. But through all her natural indignation she felt the shock of a fine and generous nature at this display of unprovoked malice. Could one woman be so cruel toward another? Was the world—a part of it—so mean and hard? How unprovoked the attack had been! How fiendlike it seemed! Under all these hurrying questions Natalie was conscious of a feeling much like that she had when something had wounded her in her childhood, and there was no place but her mother's lap to cry away the pain in.

Ray Gladden had been detained on the edge of the woods, where a scarf—a silken, heavily fringed thing he was taking to its owner—had been caught on a branch. He had keen ears. It was not his fault that, while he was disentangling the fringe, the talk between the ladies came up distinctly in the stillness. There was a dark flush in his cheeks when he joined Natalie. As he came toward her—his swift, elastic step hurrying through the shadows—she thought of a lithe, youthful figure that used to come bounding over the sward to meet her. What had just passed gave her at that moment a very keen sense of her loss—of her loneliness in the world. Something in the brown eyes that welcomed Ray Gladden among the wood shadows touched him to the quick.

He felt an impulse to tell her what he had overheard and to express his opinion of Mrs. Dayton's behavior, but a second thought restrained him, and he said, instead:

"I was very lucky to come on you as I did, Miss Vane. I am sure now of a hearty welcome back."

He was repaid by the smile that shone on him. The kindly speech and tone were very grateful just then.

"It was extremely fortunate for me that you appeared on the scene at that moment, Mr. Gladden. I was—wanting an excuse to get away."

She did not dream that he had a knowledge which made it easy for him to interpret her words.

In a few moments they heard shouts in the dis-

tance. Ray replied with his "Harvard yell," a sound familiar to Natalie. Guided by that, the young people soon came in sight. Ray's companion was saluted with surprised delight, and no one of the young people welcomed her appearance with more genuine pleasure than Dora Dayton.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I WISH she had been a man so that I could knock her down!" As the tall youth strode through the underbrush he said this, every little while to himself, in a loud, angry voice.

Ray Gladden's young blood had been on fire with the rudeness that had been offered Miss Vane. He would not trust himself to join at once in the light badinage of his companions. At the first chance he rushed away, to send off a little private gunpowder, as he put it to himself.

"Hullo! What's in the wind now?" exclaimed a voice at his right, in a half-surprised, half-amused tone, and turning, Ray encountered Mr. Thorndike, who had just sprung up from the roots of a great butternut-tree. The elder man had felt more like a boy that day than he had done for years. He had borne his share in all its fun and adventure, but when the party at last broke into groups and scattered in various directions, he had gone off to look at the ledges, as a curious ragged pile of rocks a mile above the falls was called.

This diversion had involved a sharp climb, and on his return Mr. Thorndike had thrown himself down on a heap of moss at the roots of a great butternut-tree. It was here he caught the crashing of the boughs, followed, an instant later, by Ray's wrathful ejaculation.

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the youth, coloring under the keen, amused gaze. "I came off here to give my temper a chance for a little private explosion."

"Never mind, Ray," replied Mr. Thorndike, looking at the frank, sun-browned face with a twinkle of humor in his eyes and with a memory of his own youth, which had been so near and vivid in his thought all day. "There is no accounting for a woman's freaks, you know. Keep cool, and, trust my word, it will all come right in the end. I know how these charming creatures can aggravate a fellow when they set about it!"

Mr. Thorndike took it for granted that Ray had had some sort of quarrel with one of the girls. Those foolish tiffs were always happening among young people. Of course, the girl had got the best of it. Now she had sent Ray off, wrathful and wretched, she would probably regret it.

Ray saw Mr. Thorndike's mistake. He naturally resented it. On the spur of the moment he blurted out:

"You are quite mistaken, sir. It is not a mat-

ter that in the least concerns me. But it is hard for a fellow to stand by and see a lady shamefully insulted by one of her own sex."

"Was it so bad as that?" asked Mr. Thorndike, still inclined to regard it as some affair of the young people, which Ray's heat had greatly exaggerated.

This consciousness galled Ray Gladden. Did the man take him for an idiot? As though he—Ray Gladden—would make an infernal ass of himself for any girl's whims!

A good deal of personal feeling was now mixed up with Ray's indignation for another. Carried away by this, he burst out, resentfully:

"If you had heard what I did a few moments ago, you would, perhaps, think my rage more excusable. A fellow wants to knock somebody down when he sees a lady like Miss Vane insulted—in that cool, cruel way, too, in which women can do these things, you know."

There was a change in the aspect of Ray's listener. "Miss Vane!" he repeated. "Has anybody been annoying her?"

Ray hesitated. His instincts were all honorable, and the name had escaped him in his excitement. Yet the conversation which he had overheard had not been a private one. Why should he have any scruples about repeating it? These thoughts flashed through Ray's mind, and made a perceptible pause before he answered:

"Yes I should say somebody had been annoying Miss Vane, with a vengeance!"

A new expression came into Mr. Thorndike's face. He no longer regarded Ray with a half-amused, half-patronizing manner. It was evident that his companion's trouble had some new interest for him. He laid his hand on Ray's shoulder, and said, pointing to the moss, which spread a wide gray blanket about the butternut roots:

"Sit down here, my dear fellow, and make a clean breast of it."

It took but a few minutes to tell the whole story. Ray's indignation had not had time to cool. He related what had occurred with a good deal of unconscious dramatic force. But his conclusion betrayed still some lingering scruple of an honorable nature:

"I need not say to you I had no idea of listening to the talk when I paused to admire the pretty grouping about the banks. Fortunately, Miss Vane did not hear the remarks which followed when she left the party. Neither should I, if the scarf, caught in the branches, had not detained me. Mrs. Dayton evidently regards herself as a grand lady, but it seemed to me a devilish sort of thing to do—I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself; "I forgot she is your friend."

"No," replied Mr. Thorndike, with a little sharp, decided movement of his head, and a hard

set of his jaw. "No woman is my friend who insults Miss Vane."

The words reassured Ray. He could not suspect what lay behind them, but he felt relieved now, and went on, in a quieter tone:

"She is a very lovely young lady. I can't imagine any one could want to do her an injury. It seemed as though there must have been some special spite at bottom. If that is the way women stab each other, I think we fellows do our work less cruelly with fists and horsewhips. But you understand now that I had some reason for wishing one woman was a man so I could knock her down?" As Ray concluded he rose from the moss.

Mr. Thorndike rose also. His companion noticed a dark flush in the man's cheeks.

"Give us your hand, my boy," he said, and kind as the words were there was a little hard tone running through them, as though a threat lurked there. "If Mrs. Dayton had been a man, I would have knocked her down!"

Ray's brown face beamed, as though this speech offered some amends to Miss Vane.

"There's nothing further to be done about it," he said. "A woman can always use her tongue with impunity, so Mrs. Dayton will go scot-free."

"Don't be too sure of it, my young friend," said the elder man. And again there was that little, ominous sound in his voice, which seemed to bode no good to somebody. "There are ways of knocking people down with other weapons than clubs and fists, as you may perhaps live to see."

"I ought to be back by this time. Will you come, sir?" asked Ray.

Mr. Thorndike's last words seemed to imply there was no more to be said.

"Go ahead, if you please. I will follow in a few minutes. You won't, of course, mention to anybody that you have seen me?"

"Of course not," replied Ray—yet a little mystified as to why Mr. Thorndike had seen fit to make this precaution. Then he bowed and disappeared among the trees.

Mr. Thorndike paced up and down in the shadow of the butternut. There was a vindictive streak in the man. In the course of his life a few people had had to suffer from it. It was that which now darkened his face and shot fire from his eyes. More than once he cursed Mrs. Dayton. But his wrath was not of the kind that evaporates in a few oaths. Had Miss Vane been merely an ordinary acquaintance, Ray Gladden's story would have angered him; but an indignity offered to a woman he was in love with would be a personal affair.

Mr. Thorndike felt certain that Ray's instinct was not at fault. He knew enough of womankind in general, and of Mrs. Dayton in particular, to

feel that some private grudge must have been at the bottom of her treatment of Natalie. What could it be?

This question frequently came up in the midst of some plans he was revolving in his mind.

Suddenly he stood still. There was a flash of triumphant intelligence in his eyes.

"By Jove, I have it!" he said. "The woman wants to make a match between me and that little saucy chit of a Dora!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE party that went to Moose Notch assembled the next morning in high spirits at the breakfast-table. There were, it is true, certain reminders of yesterday's exploits in slight stiffnesses and bruises. But this was not a large price to pay for all the pleasure.

The young people lived over their adventures in lively talk and with peals of laughter. But when one of the ladies remarked to Natalie: "It will be a red-letter day in all our memories, Miss Vane," she was conscious of some inward dissent. The day's pleasure had been cruelly flawed for her, and Moose Notch, with all its loveliness, would be likely to recur to her mind charged with a bitter association.

But Natalie Vane had one of those wholesome natures in which venomous speeches cannot long rankle. The drive home had been full of quieting and elevating influences for her. The tender atmospheres of twilight—the ancient heavens, the solemn gathering of stars—the world about her, veiled in brown, dusky shadows, or transfigured in the moonlight—all drew Natalie's mood into their own calm and largeness. Was it a very mighty matter—asked the nobler self, as it regained its poise—that a woman, who, with all her pretensions, had proved herself vulgar and venomous, had shown some unaccountable spite toward her? Insults were never pleasant; but where they were totally unprovoked it would be weak to be unhappy over them. A nature capable of a speech like Mrs. Dayton's should inspire pity rather than anger.

"Of course, I wish I might never see her again," said poor Natalie, wincing as the memory of the frozen stare came up to her.

It was a great relief to her that she had not been compelled to return in Mrs. Dayton's company. Mr. Thorndike had seen to that. In arranging the seats for the drive home he had bestowed Natalie among the young people, while, to Mrs. Dayton's immense gratification, he had taken her and Dora into his own vehicle.

Mrs. Dayton had come down to breakfast in the best of humors that morning. Her French cap, with its pretty pink trimmings, became her. She had the seat of honor, in virtue of their old ac-

quaintance, on Mr. Thorndike's right. She and Miss Vane were far apart. A slight morning greeting was all that had passed between the two.

Natalie was quite conscious, however, that the occurrence of the previous day had been discussed and variously commented on among the lady guests. It struck her that in one or two instances there was a slight coolness toward herself; but she resented the idea as an injustice to the others. It might have seemed less unaccountable had she overheard the talk which had followed her departure with Ray Gladden. Mrs. Dayton had left an impression, more or less in Natalie's disfavor, on some of the listeners.

The elder lady became her place well. She had a fine, matronly presence. But certainly, if she had suspected what was coming, she would never have sat with her handsome profile under the gay cap-ribbons at Andrew Thorndike's breakfast-table that morning.

He, too, seemed in his blandest humor. He had been very gracious to her and Dora during their drive home the night before.

As Mrs. Dayton looked about the dining-room that morning and dwelt on the rich paneling and the delicate frescoes, she experienced a pleasant sense of reversionary interest in the whole.

Suddenly Dora spoke up, bending her pretty head toward Mr. Thorndike.

"I wish papa could have been with us yesterday. It would have been awfully good for him. He would have made as big a lark of it as you did, Mr. Thorndike."

"I wish he could have been along with us, Dora," answered the host, setting down his coffee-cup. "While you youngsters were up to your tricks, Jack and I could have talked up old times. There is nothing I enjoy more than going over those with him."

Mrs. Dayton gave a little laugh that was intended to be acquiescent. Nobody but her host detected a shade of nervousness in it.

Before she could speak, her daughter exclaimed:

"I remember hearing papa say you and he were boys together. You must have had gay times?"

"Hardly that, Dora," he answered, as he leaned back a little in his chair. "The question with us both was, at that time, the pressing one of bread and shelter. It set all others in the background. It was a hard pull for both of us. Boys from the country, without friends or fortune, we had to take plenty of snubbing on every side. But we swept the rooms and kindled the office fires and did our errands, and were thankful for our pittance when Saturday night came and we could go to our dens in the little, boarding-house attics. We had to mount from the lowest rung of the ladder, you see. But all that can hardly look to you like very good times. Does it, Dora, my dear?"

It came like a thunderbolt.

Mrs. Dayton's face was scarlet. If she had been a goddess and could have swept that breakfast-table and everybody around it into chaos, it would have been a relief at that moment. The consciousness of her blushes increased her confusion. Her ready tact, her repose of manner, which she had been at so much pains to acquire, failed her as utterly as it would a bashful school-girl. Before she could gather her wits together for any reply, she heard Dora saying, in a voice of amazed bewilderment:

"But you don't mean all that is true, Mr. Thorndike? I know you are joking. Such things could never have happened to you and papa?"

"Precisely such things did happen, Dora, my dear," answered Mr. Thorndike, who did not include the daughter in the reckoning he was making with the mother. "There is nothing for which you ought to be so proud of your father as the fact that he fought his own way and made his own place in the world. He owes his fortune to his brains and energy. That is a great deal better and nobler than if he had inherited it from somebody else."

Andrew Thorndike, at the head of his breakfast-table, with the evidences of his wealth all about him, looked rather grand when he thus delivered himself. He, too, had a proud consciousness that he had been the architect of his own fortunes. Power and energy are always masterful.

Every woman present felt an access of admiration for this manhood that looked the world in the face and achieved what it wanted. There was a flush of the old Napoleonic fire about the man.

But poor Mrs. Dayton! All her gods seemed tumbling about her. Mr. Thorndike's revelation flashed a terrible irony on all her talk of her titled acquaintance and her European tastes. He had shown that she belonged to the class that she affected to despise. She had felt there was too much at stake with Mr. Thorndike to give free expression to her social creed in his presence. But she had been under no restraint with his guests. She was acute enough to perceive just the light in which all this must now appear to them. The haughty woman had a good deal the feeling of an unmasked charlatan.

But the end was not come yet. The pause which had followed Mr. Thorndike's last remark and been full of overwhelming mortification for Mrs. Dayton, was broken by his turning toward that end of the table where Natalie sat and saying, in a slightly raised key:

"I am not sure how all this will strike you, Miss Vane. I always feel a little suspicious of people whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"But mine did not," answered Natalie, a good

deal puzzled as to his drift. "They were at least a decade behind it."

"That is near enough for all practical purposes. People who inherit family traditions, and have held to the professions for centuries, are apt to have ideas that would make mine sound terribly democratic. However, I have frequently observed that those who, if anybody has that right in America, might make some claims of a finer strain of blood are usually the last ones to do it."

"My father's opinions were democratic enough to suit you, I think," replied Natalie, her color rising slightly at this sort of allusion to her family. It struck her as being a little out of Andrew Thorndike's usual vein. But she had not the key to unlock the riddle.

One thing was certain. Miss Vane had been thoroughly rehabilitated in the eyes of Mr. Thorndike's guests.

Mrs. Dayton could never recall how she got through with that breakfast. She had a vague consciousness that the talk had assumed a light, surface tone, and that she had taken part in it as one might who, enduring tortures, yet smiles and seems at ease. She paused to exchange some light remarks with the ladies before she went to her room with her usual stately air. She had just dropped into a chair, when the door flew open, and Dora, hardly waiting to close it, broke out:

"Mamma, is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"What Mr. Thorndike said of papa," answered Dora, perfectly conscious that her mother did not require this explanation. "Did he ever have to get his living in such ways—to struggle up through such awful things? I cannot understand it."

"If he did," replied Mrs. Dayton, fanning herself violently, "it all happened long before I knew him. I did not think it necessary to inquire into every circumstance of his past history before I married your father. Mr. Thorndike has, it appears, a very vivid memory of long-buried things, and a very unhappy habit of bringing them up at the wrong moment. It was unpardonably ill-bred of him to say what he did."

"O mamma!" interposed Dora, who was really fond of her old friend, and did not like to hear him impugned in that way, "I don't believe he meant anything. It was only a man's way of blurtng out things, you know. He had no idea how we would feel about it. It was evident he thought it greatly to papa's credit, as well as his own, that they had made their own fortunes and struggled up through such hardships. How strong and grand he looked while he talked about it!"

Mrs. Dayton was not certain that her daughter's impression was not the true one. It was conceivable that Mr. Thorndike had no secret motive

when he dragged up the past in that horrid fashion. Men were such tactless, blundering creatures at best. There was no doubt that he plumed himself on his own part in the story. But Mrs. Dayton could not quite share Dora's security. Neither could the daughter enter into her mother's feeling. Dora knew nothing of the talk under the cedars. But it all came up to Mrs. Dayton now. She was sure the women down-stairs would gather in little groups and have their gossip over it. Certain of her own speeches came up and made her wince, seeing the new light in which they must now appear. Plainly, Natalie Vane had been avenged.

But it was impossible to make a clean breast to her own daughter. Mrs. Dayton roused herself and did the best she could.

"At all events, it was in the worst possible taste to rake up those dead-and-gone matters in the presence of strangers, who would probably take a mean pleasure in hearing such stuff. I had a better opinion of Mr. Thorndike. As it is, I shall never forgive him."

"Mamma," said Dora, setting up her pretty head defiantly; "I don't care—honestly, I don't—a fig! If people choose to think less of us, they can. Papa wouldn't mind, either. I have heard him say he had to make his fortune out of the rough, but I didn't suppose it was so dreadful before."

"It isn't Mr. Thorndike's fault if you don't understand now," replied Mrs. Dayton, with a little, venomous sneer. She was thinking how triumphant Miss Vane must feel at that moment and how disagreeable it would be to face the young woman.

Then it flashed across her that Natalie might possibly be at the bottom of all this. If she had repeated the conversation of the previous day to Mr. Thorndike he might have been sufficiently exasperated to take this method to avenge her.

But Mrs. Dayton dismissed this supposition in a moment as altogether improbable. She had, as we have seen, no inkling of the real relations of the two. It did not appear likely that Miss Vane, while doing her best to ensnare Mr. Thorndike, would venture on attempting to prejudice him against his old friends and guests. Besides, it was certain there had been no opportunity for private interview before the two met at the breakfast-table.

Mrs. Dayton had just reached this conclusion when she heard Dora's voice saying gravely, as she twisted her bracelet around her pretty wrist:

"Mamma, I don't see as it is so very blissful to have a Countess for a sister. What does it amount to, anyhow? I think papa is in the right of it, after all."

Dora felt an access of tenderness toward her father after the facts she had learned that morn-

ing at the breakfast-table. When she encountered her mother's glance she broke out:

"O mamma! don't look at me in that black way, as though I had said something horrible!"

"It is plain that I ought never to have brought you to Oak Glades," answered the mother, attempting her most rigid tone and air. "You are getting terribly demoralized. However, we shall leave here to-morrow."

"And you said we should remain at least a fortnight," added Dora, in a surprised, injured voice.

"Whatever I may have said, I have found good reasons for altering my mind."

Dora felt the tone was one from which it would be useless to appeal. But she did not suspect that her mother was reflecting on the project that had brought her to Oak Glades, and undergoing the bitter disappointment of one who has lost a game for high stakes. Mrs. Dayton might have rallied and pursued it, in face of what Mr. Thorndike had said, had she been convinced that he had no underlying motive. But to this day she has not been able to make up her mind on that matter.

It was of supreme importance that neither he nor his guests should suspect her doubts. It cost the haughty woman a great effort to carry herself through the day as though nothing had happened. Mr. Thorndike felt that she had been sufficiently punished. Preferring that she should not suspect the motives which had inspired his talk, he showed every attention to the wife and daughter of his old friend and urged a prolongation of their visit. If there was a mutual avoidance between Mrs. Dayton and Miss Vane, it was not marked enough to be noticeable.

But that night, when Mrs. Dayton went to her room, with a sense that she had gone through her rôle unflinchingly, she felt that she should always remember her last day at Oak Glades as one which had given her a new conception of how people felt stretched on the rack.

Something had happened, too, which would always make that day memorable to Natalie Vane. A little while after breakfast she came from the library, where she had promised soon to join the ladies again for a walk in the grounds. She saw Mr. Thorndike standing in the front doorway, his back toward her, and at that instant Ray Gladden, on the piazza, joined him.

"Well, Ray," said Mr. Thorndike, in a low, significant tone, "you see there are weapons and weapons, as I said to you yesterday."

"I see there are, sir," replied Ray, also in a low tone and with a quick, responsive glance.

"It is best to keep cool," continued the latter, "even when you have a desire to knock people down. You can plant a telling blow sometimes, without fists or clubs."

Ray's face was alive with an exultant secret, but

at that instant some ladies joined the gentlemen. The latter had not seen Natalie, but she had caught the look that passed between them. Her quick ears could not avoid hearing every syllable of the low, swift remarks as she came down the hall.

They filled her thoughts after she reached her room. They plainly had reference to what had passed at the breakfast-table. She walked up and down the room with slow steps, going over with the talk. Perhaps it was not in human nature not to feel some exultation in view of all that had occurred yesterday. But with Natalie it would not take the self-gratulatory form that Mrs. Dayton imagined. She could never forget that it was mean to triumph over an enemy.

Suddenly the slow steps paused, as though some spell held them. It came to her in a flash, but with the force of absolute conviction. Natalie knew that Ray Gladden must have related Mrs. Dayton's treatment of herself to Mr. Thorndike. She recalled, now, the sudden way in which he had burst on the party from the thicket. He must have overheard the conversation, and there was nothing in it which need make him scrupulous about repeating it.

It was the breaking of a sudden flood of light. She saw now why Mr. Thorndike made that point about her family. A feeling of unutterable gratitude thrilled through Natalie's whole frame. There was a sudden glow about her heart. What a power there was in this man! How quietly, yet effectually, he had come to her defense!

Natalie had gained a new sense of the coldness and hardness there was in the world. Its chill, bitter breath had never touched her life in the way it did yesterday. She did not know herself how deep Mrs. Dayton's arrow had gone.

But in that rush of varied emotion she was conscious, above all else, of the strength and care that would be about her life—that would shelter her loneliness—that would set it forever amid the ease and rest and sanctities of home.

And she had only to reach out her hand and clasp the one, strong with all the power that comes of tested and successful manhood, that was offered her.

In that moment, her whole soul quivering with surprise and gratitude, Natalie Vane took the leap around which her doubts and fears had been so long hovering.

She turned and walked to a corner of the mantel. She laid her clasped hands on it. The warm, lavish daylight lay all about her. She stood there for a moment in a stillness and attitude that might have suggested to a sculptor some lovely statue of womanhood. There was no smile on the lips as their delicate lines settled into a resolute purpose. The color had quite vanished from her cheeks. Even her lips were pale, as she said, in a low,

undertoned voice, like one who speaks to his own soul:

"I am going to marry this man—Andrew Thorndike!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CLIMBER.

ROUND by round—up the ladder tall,
Day by day, the climber went,
And many a prayer to Heaven she sent,
For her hands were weak and her strength was small.

Now the ladder stretched from earth away—
To Heaven's high door reached the shining stair;

The climber's heart and her home were there—
So she patiently mounted, day by day.

Down in the valley at her feet

The people went—a hurrying throng—
Each of them singing the same old song :

"How shall we clothe us? What shall we eat?"

"Seek ye the Highest and the Best"—

Her sweet voice rang like a bird's clear call ;
"Rise! for the Master summons all—

Enter, through striving, into rest."

And here and there, as she climbed and sang,
Some one in the careless ranks was found
Who, putting his feet on the lowest round,
Would upward rise, while Heaven's joy-bells rang.

But a pale cloud hid her from their sight—

It stopped her pulses, stayed her breath ;
The folk in the valley called it Death ;
But the climber, awed, saw glimpses bright

Of a city with shining walls and towers ;
Of snowy wings, outspreading wide ;
Of One with pierced hands and side,
Who crowned the climber with deathless flowers.

LENA LESLIE.

THERE are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great penance, work. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving into funeral pall the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, the strong spirit is shorn of its might and sorrow becomes our master.

A TIRED mother who had been occupied all day with an active and very troublesome boy, as she sat down in the evening and thought of the numberless details in which her strength had gone, said: "After all, it is a day toward the making of a man."

HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

SOME FINE-ART EMPLOYMENTS.

A VERY common advertisement in the daily papers, and especially in the Sunday papers, reads to the effect that ladies are invited to engage in a very pleasing and profitable occupation in their leisure moments at home, and by sending a stamp to a certain address they will receive full particulars by return of mail. Sometimes no stamp is demanded, and very many requests for full particulars are sent off, post-haste, to the advertisers.

The stereotyped answer to these petitions is an invitation to invest a dollar in the purchase of a volume which professes to give full instructions in the art of coloring photographs, and when a sufficient degree of skill has been attained, fifty cents apiece will be paid for satisfactorily colored pictures.

An enterprising young lady, who fell into the trap of this *El Dorado*, to be attained in her "leisure moments," pronounced it the "dirtiest work she ever did in her life, and the worst paid," fifty cents being the average of a hard day's work.

But photo-coloring, properly learned and practiced, is a very different matter. No one without previous instruction can jump, with the aid of a book, into profitable employment; but the art schools now established in all our large cities will furnish what is needed at the most reasonable rates.

The demand for such work is great, and the large classes at Cooper Institute in New York and elsewhere are made up principally of pupils who expect to gain a living by making photographs look as nearly as possible like painted portraits, and who are not likely, either, to be disappointed.

"Each art has its special difficulties," writes one who understands the subject, "and those of the art of photo-coloring usually lie—first, in ignorance of drawing, which incapacitates the artist from producing form and leaves her work either painfully flat or distorted, the cheeks in her portraits, the shoulders, arms, and busts as if silhouetted, or else misshapen; secondly, in ignorance of coloring, which makes her tints either dry or hard—dry enough to crumble and blow away, hard enough to serve as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals—and which prevents her from successfully covering up the troublesome and exacting little black places in the neighborhood of the lips and eyes of the photographic portrait; thirdly, in ignorance of how to sell her work; for, unlike some of her sisters who pursue 'high art,' the photo-colorist seems disinclined to convert her studio into a mere museum for the exhibition of unsalable wares."

To dispose of work when done is often a harder problem than to acquire the power of doing it, and with work like this a peculiar "knack" is required for bringing one's wares to market. Many who are really in want of the money would object to working in a photographer's office, both because of the set hours and because of the set pay—ten or twelve dollars a week—while at special work,

with some knowledge and experience of the business, it will not be difficult to earn three dollars a day.

Photographers, if pleased with the specimens of work shown them, will sometimes give out orders to be executed at home, and the way to get these is to visit such establishments and solicit them. This course may be objected to as "disagreeable;" but it is also disagreeable to be short of money, and the only remedy is to choose the lesser of the two evils.

The amateur who has numerous well-to-do friends can display her finished work to them and request, perhaps, the privilege of coloring a photograph for each, free of charge. If the work is well done, the decided improvement in attitude and expression—to say nothing of the comfort of finding one's attire the color it was meant to be—will be at once appreciated, and such a venture is almost sure to bring in paying orders. The price asked should at first be as moderate as possible. It will be time enough when the merits of the work are generally acknowledged to think of making a fortune.

Portraits of all kinds are popular, and some startling monstrosity, known as "a family piece," is often found in the humblest home. People like to see their own "presentments" and those of their friends, and as a general thing they like them large. It is a recommendation—other things being equal—that they take up space on the wall, and increased size also makes the likeness more plain. A crayon photograph is more expensive than an ordinary-sized colored photograph; but, nevertheless, there are plenty who want them.

"Crayon photographs are photographs (usually portraits) which have been 'worked over' with crayons, pastel, charcoal, or India ink." The kind of photographs used are called "solar prints," done on rough paper, and are sold at various prices—according to the size, but they are dearer than the smooth photographs. Emporiums where artists' materials can be bought will usually furnish them. A slight knowledge of drawing, with industry and perseverance, will enable the crayon-photographer to earn a respectable sum after a few months' practice, and there is a constant demand for work of this kind.

An almost obliterated portrait, perhaps of some relative no longer living, in a small photograph or ambrotype, can be copied in a sun-print of any size desired and then so skillfully worked over with crayons by skillful fingers that a speaking likeness of the lost one in his, or her, best moments is the result. It is as satisfactory as a portrait in oils, at not a quarter of the expense, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that crayon photography should be in demand. Rates of prices vary from twenty-five to a hundred dollars for a single portrait.

It is a great thing, in these days of art competition and general desire of money-getting, to know of any occupation that is agreeable and remunerative and that does not require years of apprenticeship before it can be made available.

A natural aptitude for drawing makes the path to crayon photography an easier one; but, even when this is lacking, quick powers of observation and great patience will almost supply the deficiency. As in the case of photograph coloring, a few months' instruction at competent hands will fit the crayon photographer for earning money, and, according to competent authorities, she can do this at the rate of from three hundred to a thousand dollars a year.

Crayon photography seems especially adapted to portraits of children, and a well-executed child's head is such a life-like representation of attitude and expression that any mother not sunk in the depths of poverty can scarcely resist it. And in this line the amateur will find her greatest encouragement. She should be sure, at the outset, to have a child's portrait, with her very best work on it, among her specimens, and at least three out of every six mothers who see it will order pictures of their own darlings "done in the same way."

There is "plenty of room higher up" among the wood-engravers and especially among the artists in this work. The lower branch of the art is merely mechanical, as it consists in the simple following with cutting-tools of lines already drawn on a block of wood, and requires no more talent than sewing. But the work is not so fatiguing, and it offers more variety; a few weeks' practice, too, will give the necessary confidence and skill. Many improvements, however, in the art of producing cheap pictures are coming up to interfere with the profits of mechanical wood-engraving; and to those who have talent, youth, and faith in the assertion that "everything comes to him who waits," artistic engraving holds out bright rewards.

To be successful in this, however, one must have the same talent that makes the successful artist—also the same amount of industry and perseverance. The course of instruction extends over several years; the profits of matured work often range from fifty to a hundred dollars a week. The pupil, too, often earns money while learning—sometimes, after a year and a half of instruction, as much as fifty dollars a month. Orders from publishers, who are quick to appreciate artistic work, are often given to clever amateurs, who find them very profitable.

"*Almost anywhere from two to eight years?*" sighs the inquirer for profitable employment, when she has received her answer as to the time needed for learning artistic engraving; "why, it is a huge slice out of the best part of a woman's life!" Not necessarily so, for after the first two years she can, if clever, probably earn enough, while still learning, to support herself in a modest way; and at the end of her probation, which, in some cases, is materially shortened, she has at her fingers' ends the open *sesame* not only to assured

competence, but to possible wealth. It is worth trying, therefore, for those who have the artist's eye and touch.

The painting of pictures and of china has so increased throughout the length and breadth of the land that the very mention of it as a lucrative employment almost raises a smile. The struggles of many discouraged ones are cited, who, with acknowledged talent, are able to sell neither pictures nor china, merely because the market is overstocked with such commodities; but, like most questions, there is something to be said on the other side. The pictures are well painted and the china admirably decorated, but those who can appreciate such things, and *pay for them*, prefer the work of those whose names are world renowned—although the work may not be any better.

In this branch of art it may be safe to say that there is room lower down—that is, that less pretentious and less expensive work is far more likely to meet a ready sale. To manufacture things that people who have not had an art education, and yet who desire to decorate their homes in moderation, are likely to buy is a remunerative employment, especially if the workwomen have tact enough to remember that purchasers who are not "up in art" are correspondingly low in their ideas of prices for art work.

As an illustration: A lady in a neighboring city, whose friends call her an artist, but whose mere acquaintances pronounce her a "dauber," rushed violently at painting in mature years, and took it so by storm that in a marvelously short time she was able to produce groups of flowers which did not need labeling and to turn off a miniature landscape, waterscape, or snow-scene with great rapidity. Being an impecunious woman, of a practical turn of mind, and finding that she could paint, as she could do almost everything else, about twice as fast as other people, she made an arrangement with a merchant of varied wares on an immense scale to sell her little paintings at what most artists would call starving prices.

The little paintings sell—the snow-scenes especially, where robins are hovering over a nest apparently made in a snow-bank—and only the precise votaries of art sneer at the representations of a June butterfly lunching on a group of asters. But Mrs. G. is not a votary of art; she is only an industrious, sensible woman, who finds the brush, as she handles it, far more remunerative than the needle or the school-room; and her well-fed, well-dressed, and generally well-to-do appearance is a severe trial to those who declare that she knows no more about painting than Hottentot. But she knows how to make money, and this she finds far more to the purpose.

The Home Circle.

A GOSSIP.

IT was my fortune to ride to town last week in the stage, and now, sisters of the Home Circle, draw your chairs near the fire and let me gossip about the things I saw and heard. But

first, let me tell you, our stage is no grand "tally-ho," no "coach-and-four," such as figure in song and story, but only an ordinary buggy, with sometimes two seats and sometimes one, according as the passengers are likely to be many or few, covered by a white canvas top in a very prosaic way

—albeit 'tis a very comfortable one. This time there was but one seat, and I sat by the side of Mr. James, the genial driver, through all the long ride, and was beguiled into forgetfulness of the sorrow pressing upon my heart by his cheery talk. Let me tell you of him. Ever since we lived in Fort Comfort he has been going back and forth by our door four times a week, stopping to leave or take our mail each time, sitting by our fire to warm in the cold days, and taking a drink at our well in the hot days, until we have come to feel a real friendship for him and a great respect for his sturdy manhood. Pleasant or unpleasant days seem all alike to him. He whistles and sings along the road undisturbed by the elements, undiscouraged by difficulties before which many another would shrink and hesitate—cheerful, pleasant, and willing always—just such a man as in this time of bustle, fret, and hurry it does one good to meet—one who, when once he puts his shoulder to the wheel, will not turn back easily, but will push ahead to the end.

How glad I was to find him on the right side of the great questions of temperance and morality; for I had not ridden far with him ere our talk turned on these things and he told me something of the work he was doing—not boastfully, but in a quiet, modest way, quite forgetting self in the greatness of the subject. For more than eighteen years he has belonged to a temperance organization—"Ever since I was married," he said; "for I think a man ought to take the temperance pledge on his wedding-day, if he never has before." "Yes," I answered, "if never before, I think he should pledge himself to temperance not only in drinking, but in all things then, and keep that pledge unbroken always," and I did not wonder that his wife looks proud and happy, and his children think there is no one like "papa," with his married life laid on such a foundation.

Among other things, he told me of one man back in Wisconsin who had times of drinking, and would spend days in drunkenness and debauchery, ending always in shame and repentance, when he would take the pledge, but only to break it with the first strong temptation. Again and again this happened, until finally he broke away from the old associations and went up into the "lumber-woods" for the winter, leaving the wife to support the family of little ones as best she could. He worked steadily all winter and kept sober. In the spring he drew his pay and started for home "clothed and in his right mind," but at the village near which he lived he fell in with his old "cronies," the wily tempter came in full force, and the drunken revel ended not until the last cent of the hard-earned money was gone—money which would have brought such comfort to those who waited at home. I could feel the shame and anguish of the wife, so vivid was the word-picture, and shuddered at the load of guilt and remorse which the husband felt when reason was once more free. Strength and manhood gone, wife and children suffering for the ordinary comforts of life and shrinking in fear from him who should have been their blessing and shield! Ah! it was terrible!

"What then?" I asked, in eager interest, as Mr. James paused in his sad story.

"Then," he replied, "we temperance workers

went to him and induced him to try once more, and we did not leave him to stand alone. For a long time, whenever he must go to town or away from home anywhere, some one of us went with him, guarding him from temptation when we could, helping him to meet it like a man when it must come, standing by him until, with God's blessing, he could stand alone. He never drank again and has since told me his appetite for liquor is entirely gone. He is a man now where once he was but little more than a brute, and," he added, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "wherever that man goes, the power and influence of temperance work goes too; it was a work for eternity and can never lose its might. Talk of its being useless to organize societies to fight this evil! why, if our little society there had never done another thing we were more than repaid for all we did by saving that one man from drunkenness. It was an *immortal soul saved*, and that is without price, worth every effort we could make, and though we should never save another, this one marks our work as great and blessed of God."

But this one is not all. All up and down the land we find them plucked "like a brand from the burning," men who once cumbered the earth with their villainies; men who brought shame and desolation to the hearts that loved them, and blotted out the beautiful sunshine of faith and hope by their drunken revels; men who, stamped with the impress of divinity, bearing the form made glorious by the Holy Son, sunk down, down to lowest depths of sin and shame, there to be met by the noble band of temperance workers who, inspired with holy love, see even in the vilest something of that spark of divinity implanted in each soul, and, shrinking not, "though shame, sin, and anguish are around them," work on and on until the chains of evil are broken and the man comes forth from the horrible grave in which he was plunged—comes forth in weakness and doubt, it may be, but still comes forth, and led by human hands, seeks the strength so freely given from on high, until at last the doubt and weakness leave him and he becomes free and strong. Men such as these we find in country and town, in village and city, who bless the temperance organization and bear noble witness to its power and efficacy. Remembering them, I say "God speed" to every effort made for the rescue of the weak, erring ones of earth. It is a mighty subject—this of how best to reclaim the slave of appetite—so mighty that my pen has hardly dared to touch upon it; but one thought comes to me often, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." None may know in what form or with what might the tempter may come, and only as we trust in God's strength are we sure of resisting until victory comes. Look not with scorn upon the drunkard; debased and vile though he seems, he is yet a child of God—a brother of yours and of mine—and how are we to know the story of his fall? How shall we feel the strength of the temptation as it came to him, or know of the long, bitter struggle ere he yielded?

"Who has felt its might will know
What strength to set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He knows who has felt its power within."

Let us look into our own hearts and there learn charity and patience for the sins and shortcomings

of others; let us look into God's heart and learn of the love which teaches forgiveness without condemnation, pity without blame, and reaches out most helpfully to those whose need is greatest.

But I am wandering far from Mr. James and the stage, when I wanted to tell you of a life-romance of which he told me as we rattled on over the hills and along the winding valley-road. It began with a correspondence between a young soldier and a young lady in the dark days of war. They had never met but once, and then but for a few moments, when, through the mischief of a friend of the lady's—who meant no harm, but might have done a great deal had the story ended differently—a letter was sent to Mr. Stanley, the soldier, signed with Miss Gray's name, but of which she knew nothing. Mr. Stanley received it in good faith, though wondering much, and wrote a suitable reply, which soon brought a most indignant letter from Miss Gray, who, knowing nothing of the first letter, could not see why the young man should write to her as he did. Explanations followed, one letter brought on another, until both were interested and a correspondence was regularly established between them. The lady was a true, earnest Christian, and her letters became as a shield for the soldier boy exposed to all the dangers and temptations of camp-life. From camp to camp, from field to field they followed him, strong, earnest, and true always, keeping him from evil as only such a woman's letters could, and helping him to do his full duty as a man and a soldier from day to day through all those terrible years. Naturally enough, an engagement followed, and, soon after peace was declared, a happy marriage; and now—for I saw "the very identical couple" while in town—they have a home made pleasant by five blooming children, and one needed but to look at them to know they never regretted taking each other on trust, as they did; for after the first little meeting of which I have told you, they never saw each other until the time for their marriage came. It is said, "All's well that ends well," yet I would not recommend this as a general rule for love-making and marriage. Letters are often a true index of character, but the knowledge thus gained had best be supplemented by personal acquaintance before such an important step as marriage is taken, and the case of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley is but a happy exception.

I wanted to tell you of Mr. James's Sunday-school work in Kentucky, which deeply interested me, and of the glimpse I got of his home-life when our ride was over, but this is "stageday," and already I can hear his blithe whistle ringing out above the dreary moaning of the cold wind, and my letter must be ready for him to take on his way Eastward.

EARNEST.

DEAR READERS OF THE HOME CIRCLE: Somebody asked for a "recipe that never failed" for cake. I have two that I find good. Here they are:

SURPRISE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar. Baked in sheets, it makes cocoanut, chocolate, cream, orange, or jelly cake. Put it in patty-tins, and you have a good

cup-cake, or add raisins or currants, and you have a nice loaf-cake. Its only fault is, it soon gets stale. The other is richer and is called

MRS. HASTINGS' FRENCH CAKE.—Three eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar. Beat the yolks of the eggs in the milk, then add the butter and sugar, then the cream of tartar and flour, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, and last of all the soda.

I never knew this cake poor, if made according to directions.

LENA LESLIE.

HOME REST.

WHAT home should be finds many interpreters. The word brings suggestions of rest, peace, and comfort; but in how few homes is the pleasant ideal it awakens in the mind completely realized. Sometimes the chief fault lies with the husband and father, who does not bring home at evening a loving spirit and an unselfish regard for those who make up his household, and who is more ready to blame than to praise. And sometimes the fault lies with the wife and mother, who, wearied, it may be, with the incessant cares of the day, is unable or unwilling to repress a spirit of fretfulness or the irritability which comes from nerve-exhaustion or an ill-regulated temper. And so there are shadowing clouds instead of clear sunshine.

Of the home-rest into which a man may enter after his day's toil or business trials and cares, which are often very severe and wearing to body and mind, a writer draws the following attractive picture. The man who can find such "home-rest" is indeed fortunate; and he who does should not forget the loving duty of ministering to wife and children in equal measure and in full reciprocation as far as in him lies:

"Home is a place of rest. If it fails in this it is an utter failure. Rest is not idleness, but recuperation. Inactivity tends to dullness and torpidity; rest produces energy and activity. The methods of rest may widely vary. Reclining on a lounge, sleep at night, or sitting may superinduce rest; but not these alone. Palatable food, specially adapted to the needs of the system and which will replace the tissues wasted in labor; agreeable conversation, mental exhilaration, and other influences tend to rest. Home should always produce freedom from care, and where its conditions are favorable to this it is a place of rest. What these conditions may be depend on taste, habit, and a thousand personal peculiarities; but, as a rule, home can be adapted to meet them all. A kind greeting, the play and prattle of children, the easy-chair, wrapper, and slippers, the home-interests, the new atmosphere—all tend to soothe and rest. A pleasant table adds to this. The most delightful meal of the day should be at the end of the day. It contributes to the restfulness of home. It should be partaken of leisurely, enjoyably, and be appetizing and good.

"A bright home is restful. Rest involves change. Business wearies, and at the end of the day the nerve-force of hard workers is greatly reduced. Sensitive nerves are easily jarred; and it is these that need rest. Hence the calling away

of the mind from the day's cares and clothing it with new surroundings so that the past is dissipated and the present is grateful and agreeable, involves the very essence of rest. A home that can provide this is always attractive. It may be plain and rude, or elaborate and costly. In either case, if it meets the unexpressed want of a tired nature, it is home. But if old cares only yield to new and the irritations of business merely give place to other annoyances at home, it is not a place of rest. It only adds to weariness and irritation. The art of making home homelike is the best that a wife can possess, and if the children are well trained along that line it becomes a spot the dearest on earth."

TALKING TOO MUCH.

A **N** interviewer once asked Commodore Vanderbilt about the secret of his success, and the old gentleman gave him this point, which has a force for any rising young man:

"I never tell what I am going to do until I have done it."

He argued that to air his plans too thoroughly was to give his opponents a good chance to thwart him, if they could. If he made a failure, then they had the chance to laugh at him, neither process being very agreeable to a business man. Now, by keeping affairs to himself, he avoided all these troubles. The world only learned of his successes, and esteemed him, as it usually does a successful man.

Now, I have known others, especially young men, just starting out for themselves, who were famous for building air castles which they expected to raise in reality by and by. They would go into details and show you how such and such processes could not fail to bring in "thousands," when only worked up properly. Everywhere they went they would talk it over, but there the matter would end. When jeered a little afterward about their "big scheme" they could, perhaps, tell you resentfully how somebody else stole their project and made the money, or else give ten good reasons why the same in their hands could not be satisfactorily carried out. Generally, the man who talks largely over a plan that "has millions in it" is a schemer to avoid or a visionary, who, if you go in with him, will sink all the money you can intrust to him.

Our ambitious, stirring boys and young men of to-day are the ones who are to make the business men of to-morrow, and they never will make successful men without a great deal of hard thinking. They may lay plans in the mind as many and as various as the railroad tracks over a map of Pennsylvania, but it is a good thing to keep them in the mind until very thoroughly digested. Study them out by yourself with all the light you can bring to bear upon them. Ask questions where it is needed, but it is not necessary to explain all about your reasons for asking. Learn to absorb information as a sponge does water. This is a point where it is very proper to imitate a sponge. When you do come to speak of an important matter, let "every word weigh a pound." That was the high praise given to a plain man of sound sense, whose opinion was much sought after in the community where he lived. Such men "use words

as riflemen do bullets. Each one goes straight to the mark. Then they are silent again, as if reloading."

Of course, one may overdo this good quality of reticence about one's own affairs, but the danger is not half as great as the opposite. OLIVE.

PURE AIR.

"Open the window that I may drink of God's elixir."

MIRABEAU.

WHEN my friend entered our door the other day she exclaimed:

"How delightfully fresh it seems here!

The air is moist and fragrant and as pure as out-of-doors."

"That is as it should be," I replied.

"Yes; but I go almost nowhere in winter where the houses are not stifling with dry heat or foul with bad gases," she answered.

This was perhaps too strong an assertion; yet many a home—carefully ordered otherwise—is carelessly managed in the matter of fresh air and well-ventilated beds and bedding. That anything so productive of comfort and cheerfulness as *pure air* should ever be questioned is singular, indeed; but experience gives too frequent evidence of culpable ignorance or indifference to this first law of health.

In the morning, after rising from our beds, every room in the house needs an escape for the gases from the cellar or basement which have risen through the floors; an outlet for the exhalations from breath and skin, shut in through the night; for the leaking of coal-gas and kerosene.

Go out for a moment into the pure air and then enter your bedroom before it has been well ventilated. How it smells! Open your parlor-door, if it has been closely shut. How not only the gases from the night, but the odors from yesterday's dinner, have impregnated everything! Ascend to the upper hall, how miserably sickening seems the air!—and this, too, even if you have had a window open a few inches.

The only remedy is to open your dampers, throw on an extra wrap, if need be, protect the baby and the invalids, and then let the cold north wind or riotous west wind rake through the house till it has scourged out all the foulness.

Your breakfast will taste twice as good, your children be better-natured, your babe quieter, your invalid more comfortable, while you all "drink from God's elixir" and feel a thrill of genuine life, born of the resurrected morning and reviving atmosphere.

Oxygen is the life-giving principle and is even more necessary than food to the maintenance of life; but when it becomes tainted with human exhalations, smells of cooking, and foul gases, it is poor stuff to breathe. In the living rooms a window should be kept open a few inches at the top, and even then an outside door opened a few seconds every hour to allow an escape for the impurities exhaled from the breath and skin of persons in the room.

Try it, tired, overworked housekeeper—you who seem always confined in-doors. Life will not be half so dismal to you, because your blood and nerves will be stronger. If you do not have to be in the kitchen yourself, an open window will make

servant more cheerful, less tired, and more energetic, than if shut in to the close fumes of cooking. If you cannot ventilate from the top and your husband will not help you, knock out a pane of glass!

It is a mistaken idea that sleeping-rooms are more healthful to have no fire heat in winter. An even-tempered, moderate warmth is best, with free passage for outside air. Sick-rooms should have a constant stream of cool, pure air passing through the fire heat if you want your sick to recover. Of course, keep the sufferer warm and out of a draught, but ventilate many times a day by covering all but his mouth. You have perhaps an aged inmate of your household—a beloved father, mother, uncle, or aunt—who shrinks from the slightest chill. Place him in the warmest corner and tenderly wrap in blankets, while you purify your house. He or she will be better for it, for just so surely as they are deprived of fresh air will their minds degenerate in intellectual strength.

A bed should not be made till it has been exposed for hours to the air, and, if possible, to a sunny window. If you doubt this, bury your face under the bedclothes after you have risen and you

will be satisfied. Common decency requires this, even if it is against all our preconceived ideas of haste, thrift, and order. Each article of bedding should be separated from its fellow, allowing the wind to blow through and through every part. If one sleeps on feathers—those breeders of weakness and disease—the bed should spend half its time in the sunshine and air.

Upon the shoulders of woman, as keeper of home, rests the largest responsibility in this matter as a means of health and happiness, intellectual strength and goodness; "for no one is good," says Chaucer, "when the blood is foul."

Don't be afraid of the extra fuel consumed to keep warm. It is as necessary as fire to cook the dinner—an open window and a good fire. Better spend in this way than for physic and find your nervous energies exhausted at thirty. The pure air will add bloom to your cheek, breadth to your chest, strength to your blood, nerve and muscle, and vigor, elasticity, and cheerfulness to your mind. The health of the mental functions—the spirit, temper, and disposition—depend largely upon pure air. See to it, then, O housemother! that you have it.

MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

Mother's Department.

TRAINING GIRLS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

THREE was a quiet marriage in our neighborhood not long since, and while society pronounced the young couple a good match, those who were intimately acquainted with the bride knew that in one respect she was nothing less than an imposition on her husband. In age, in appearance, and in cultivation of mind, the young pair were well mated, but in the matter of being able to bear the daily burden of work that must necessarily fall upon each they were most unequally yoked.

When the young man left school he was immediately set to the task of learning a trade, and at the time of his marriage a skillful, energetic mechanic was the result of his years of training. His time was industriously employed in fitting himself for his life work, and the success that he had attained in his trade made him feel equal to the responsibility of providing for a home of his own.

While he was so wisely engaged in acquiring a knowledge that would be of so much practical use to him in future years and render him independent in his efforts to support his family, the girl who was to be his wife, his equal partner in life, was spending her time in the most aimless, idle manner. No doubt, both she and her mother looked forward to the time when she would marry and become mistress of a home of her own, and although the duties of a housekeeper are so arduous and complicated, they never seemed to regard any preparation needed for such a position. The housework of their home was performed by the mother and hired help, but the daughter was relieved almost entirely from any domestic duties. With an unwise love and mistaken government,

the mother shielded her from work, claiming as an excuse that she wanted her daughter to enjoy herself while young—that she would know soon enough the trials of work and care. So when she became the wife of a poor mechanic, and the duties of a housekeeper were thrust suddenly upon her, her ignorance of housework rendered her almost helpless in her new home. The task of learning to perform such varied and difficult work has proven most discouraging to the young wife, and the mother has learned when it is too late that in no way could she have benefited her daughter's life more than to have given her a thorough training in domestic work.

It is expected of every young man, when he has arrived at a sufficiently advanced age in life, to prepare himself for some definite work whereby he will be rendered self-supporting, and in time be able to provide for the home and family that he will be almost sure to possess. And it is but just that his wife, the sharer of his home, should be equally as well fitted for her work. Mothers who allow their daughters to grow up in ignorance of housework, thinking that by so doing they are giving freedom and pleasure to their youth, are often doing the very thing that will prove most disastrous to their happiness in after years. Girls cannot always remain at home to be so shielded, and they are sometimes compelled to obtain the knowledge through the bitterest experience. And they are not the only sufferers. Every member of the family becomes a victim where the housework is poorly and irregularly done. And where girls are left to learn the whole art of housework after they have assumed the responsibility of housekeepers, the chances are that disordered homes and unhappy households will be the result.

A young housekeeper said to me once: "If my mother had only taught me to do housework when a girl, she would have saved me years of trials and hard work. For months after we were married not a well-cooked meal appeared at our table. The bread was heavy and sour, the meat was tough, pie-crust wholly indigestible, and all other food cooked accordingly. The result was, by the use of such food my husband and I became victims to dyspepsia, a disease from which we have never recovered."

A wise and happy instance of a daughter's training once came under my observation. She was the only child of her parents. Her father was a wealthy banker, and, although their home was furnished in luxurious splendor, the mother insisted that their daughter should learn to do thoroughly every kind of work in connection with the household. When spoken to on the subject of her daughter learning to work, she would say that she expected her girl would some day be a wife and housekeeper, and she wanted her to be an honor and not a disgrace to her position: that whatever station she occupied in life the knowledge of housework would be useful to her, and she would consider herself very neglectful of her duty to her child unless she gave her a careful training in all the work pertaining to the home.

When the girl was only ten years of age she had regular duties of work to perform, and when she arrived at young ladyhood she was complete

master of every branch of housekeeping. Not even the hardest work had been neglected, for she could cook, wash, and iron with perfect ease.

Never did a knowledge of work prove more useful than in this instance. For shortly after arriving at womanhood, from heavy losses by speculation and other causes, her father's entire property was swept away, and the daughter was from necessity compelled to perform the work of the house. She afterward married a poor but worthy young man, and she was enabled to perform with ease and grace the entire duties of her home.

Think of the worry and care saved that daughter by the wise forethought of her mother. Could there be a truer, wiser expression of a parent's love than in so preparing a child for the stern and responsible duties of life, that the entire future will be made happier and easier for the training?

Were there more of such mothers as the one of whom I have just spoken, there would be more well-regulated homes and fewer broken-down housewives throughout our land. If girls could take their positions as housekeepers with a thorough knowledge of their work, housekeeping would lose much of its terror, and fewer families would resort to hotels and boarding-houses as a refuge from the trials of supporting a house of their own.

NELLIE BURNS.

Religious Reading.

"A THING OF BEAUTY."

HOW often, as we have looked upon some rare and choice work of art which has called forth those emotions which respond to the beautiful, or as we have handled some delicate fabrication, the creation of deft hands guided by culture and taste, have we exclaimed, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever!" And yet the thought which prompted the utterance may have stopped short of taking in the "forever."

On a page, which lies open to all, may be read these words, "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Then it is only the "things which are not seen" that may be coupled with the "forever" as lasting joys; but the words which really convey so grand a thought have been hedged about with a superstitious awe which has come to make them almost repellent to the ordinary mind, which sees in them whining cant and hears from them only lachrymose and doleful cadences—suggestive of "solemn assemblies" and "vain oblations." Stripped of these and viewed in the light of truth, how helpful and hopeful the words become, and we turn again and view in the halo of that light which now, through some subtle principle of refraction, as in light through a prism, is so resolved as to gild with many and rare tints the "thing of beauty," which has become illumined indeed. The bit of canvas on which we

look reflects to us, in this light, more than the skillful touch of the artist who traced there the semblance of sunset skies, placid lake, towering mount, rugged height, feeding flocks, or ample plains—more than simply the reflection of the human face whose lineaments he has represented. Too rude the touch of the most skilled hand to trace in tints with oil and brush the *real* thing of beauty, which grew and formulated itself through the conception and thought of the artist, and which could give to eye but the comparatively meagre hint of what was too refined and subtle to be condensed for outward sense; even as words many times fail us and we find that within us which "cannot be uttered."

And it is this unseen thought of beauty which lies back of and was prior to the existence of the outward shadow of it which speaks to us from the canvas or from the created thing we look upon with admiring eyes—it is this unseen thing of beauty which must be the "joy forever," and which will still be after the canvas or fabric of the creation which but makes an effort to voice it shall have passed away with crumbling time.

To voice it! Yes; that is all the outward thing is or can do or be. An emotion, earnest, deep, thrilling, wells up from a state of soul, and in its intensity *must* voice itself and go forth in expression or utterance. The utterance is heard, passes away, and, it may be, is forgotten. But the *state*, the living principle which called forth the emotion, is of the "eternal" things, and so it passes not away. Was it charity which arose at sight of

suffering and went forth in tone of tenderness and sympathy? The words have died upon the air, but the beautiful thing which, most of all, makes us like God, still lives and is "a joy forever."

So of the beautiful things on which the eye rests and which call forth our praise and admiration. What would the presentation of a mountain be were there no higher thought of unseen grandeur and soul-exaltation, which lifts above the grime of sin so rank in the low places of selfish life? what the painting of most resplendent skies, were there no thought of vaulted dome formed by atmosphere of purity made glowing and resplendent by flood of light from Sun of Love? what the painting of flowing water, were there no Stream of Life to flow with cleansing truth, which not only purifies for itself a pathway, but makes fertile, also, rich plains of plenty, into which the soul may walk and taste of social joys and enjoy without stint food for mind and heart?

The outward thing, then, upon which we look or which we handle is but the utterance or presentation of the real, unseen thing which lies back of it. And it is the unseen which is, after all, the more real and lasting joy. Is the presentation such as speaks of purity? The presentation may crumble, but purity is eternal. Is it love or compassion or benignity or innocence or truth or confidence that the artificer has sought to embody in visible expression? These are all eternal, and must remain "a joy forever" when the effort at embodied expression shall long have passed away.

It is sad to have to remember that other unseen things besides the lovely are eternal. Particularly sad when we remember that we are all, in a sense, artists, and are daily throwing on to the canvas which forms the web of our lives such presentations as speak forth the character of the real and unseen things within us in such a way as that others may look upon and be influenced by the work we trace. Sad? Yes; for how far below the ideal of conception falls the best effort of truest and most earnest life! The harmony of the whole is marred by a rude touch or a false light or a wrong blending or a circumscribed area of vision. And yet the effort after the pure and lovely is manifest.

More than sad is it where this is not true, and the picture thrown upon the canvas of life by the daily living is not a thing of beauty to be a joy forever, but the embodiment of unholy desires and evil passions to which we give the names of envy, anger, hatred, revenge, jealousy, malice, a proneness to evil speaking, and all that horde of evils which infest the world as do briars and thorns and poisonous plants the earth. Would they were as fleeting, but they, too, are real things and the reverse of a joy forever—real things, which grow and intensify as we embody them in daily life. Beautiful that web of life the canvas of which is unmarred by them and which is radiant with truth in its various tints of purity and beauty, and resplendent with the rich, warm glow of love, which becomes the more resplendent on the western slope of life!

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

Young Ladies' Department.

THE VOICE.

DEAR GIRLS:—I sit in the quiet of an upper room with pencil and lap-tablet in hand. On the mantel before me ticks away a little clock in its jaunty framework of red and fawn plush. The sunlight streams in through the windows, bringing out, here an olive, there a golden, and yonder a bronze tint on the wall, which, illumined in this way, forms quite a study in the line of light and shade.

But I turn my eyes from all this to the blank paper before me, as I remember that it is some months since I addressed a letter to you. My last one was written "out of town" one day when the languishing summer was sinking into the lap of redolent autumn. Since then autumn, in turn, has been grasped in the rugged, bare arms of winter, the snow has robed the earth in a covering so pure that every dark, unseemly thing has for the time been hidden and supplanted by the pure and beautiful, and I have, for the first time in years, had a real Christmas in the country. I returned to the brick walls and busy life but two days since, and this morning, as mind and heart turned to you, I thought—Shall I tell the girls of the pleasant Christmas I have spent among loved ones? Shall I speak of the kind father, the patient, thoughtful little mother, and the sunny-haired girls, who all conspired to make a delightful time for those of us who had come to spend Christmas

with them? Shall I tell of other dear ones by whom we were not forgotten? Or, as we have passed another milestone on the journey of life and have thus entered upon a new year, shall I moralize about the rapid flight of time till I make you all wish I had not felt called upon to write a letter to you?

In the midst of this quandary the problem is solved for me by strains pure and sweet that float up through the window from a little farther down the block; not the harsh, shrill strains so frequently sent forth by those bands that play along the streets, but, smooth and rich in their flow, they come with a sweetness and fullness which thrill through the being like strains you may sometime have waked to hear in the quiet, starlit night-time, reminding of the promise: "Ye shall have a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept, and gladness of heart as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord."

And could anything in nature be more conducive to a worshipful attitude of soul than such strains floating in upon the senses as one wakes to consciousness? Such, in a measure, comes to me now the melody piped forth from the throats of these wind instruments, held in the hands of no ordinary players.

As I listen, the wonderful capability of sound as a medium of good to the human race is suggested to my mind, and into this channel my pencil follows the flow of thought.

Sweet as are the strains borne upon the pure morning air, and which seem to flow and mingle in a strange, unaccountable way with these shafts of sunlight which are scattering gold, there is in the possession of each human being an instrument more delicate in its tender reach and capable of sending forth sweeter and more soul-stirring melody—an instrument upon which all, in some sort or other, play.

That instrument is the human voice. It is capable of uttering the most thrilling pathos, the most earnest appeal, the kindest sympathy, the most tender compassion, and the deepest love; and yet, when played upon by a rude touch, it can send forth the most discordant jargon of anger, harshness, sternness, hardness, coldness, and bitterness; or, if not so positive in character of tone, may pipe forth a sort of soulless emptiness.

With an instrument susceptible of so much in possession, how strange that so little attention is given to culture in the sweet art of sending forth the melody of which it is capable! The secret of this art lies back of the instrument itself, just as these tones which flow to my ear so gently are modulated by the force brought to bear in sending them forth.

In a Western city a young man—skilled, so far as artistic correctness was concerned—was called upon to play one of Beethoven's richest productions. He went through it correctly; but there was an emptiness in the execution of it which was felt like a cold chill through the little assembly. In reply to some spoken word of criticism afterward, a lady, rich in benignity, said: "We should not have asked him to play that, for he has never known sorrow."

Ah! here is a secret full of suggestions. What we would express we must first feel. If we would express sympathy, we must feel sympathy; for the feeling gives character to the voice. If we would speak in tones of love and tenderness, love must well up, like a fountain, in the heart. And when I say feel, I do not mean that on some particular occasion or to some particular person these must be called forth as transitory things; but I mean that the heart should be so cultured and attuned to tenderness—to the good and beautiful—so full of love to God and humanity—that on all occasions the tone of voice would receive character from the state lying back of it.

But while the heart gives character to the voice, attention to the tone of voice, if prompted by an earnest desire to have and express the right state, in turn becomes helpfully conducive to this end. I do not refer to that artificial tone assumed merely for effect, and which passes current for refinement in some circles, but to those honestly guarded tones in the effort to repress rudeness or the utterance of wrong.

And how the happiness and well-being of those about us are affected by our attention or want of attention in this matter! I know families, lovely and attractive in most particulars, but where the beauty and harmony of the relation, as a whole, are marred at times by tones of rudeness and unkindness in the children as they speak to each other or to their parents. And as I have seen this canker-worm defacing the beauty of their home I have wondered how it might be reached and its destruction secured. I have wondered if their parents were really diligent as they should

be in pointing out the evil of such things; have wondered if they saw of how much more value was that soul-culture which would ever breathe harmony than the culture, even, of mind. And as I have looked sometimes at the young and loved inmates of these homes, I have thought what worlds they would give if ever called upon to stand by a little green hillock which should hide one of them away, could they but recall every harsh and unkind tone ever spoken to the now absent one. Ah! how carelessly we plod on, wounding here and trampling there, disseminating discord many times when we should be radiating harmony, and oftentimes by a thing as easy of culture as the tone of voice, did we but give heed to it.

And, unhappily, harsh tones are not always the utterance of the young. There are parents who blunt the sensibilities of children by their harshness, mothers who drive from them their sons' wives or their daughters' husbands, or, perchance, their own children, by as simple a thing as the cutting sarcasm of their voice, and fathers who inspire fear and dread by their utterance. And thus the voice, which should be a most active agent for good, is many times, by its harshness, its sarcasm, or its keen retort, a busy agent for evil.

But there are other tones besides those which are positively evil that need to be guarded against. There is the sharp, shrill tone which pitches the most ordinary conversation on an upper key. And here I am reminded of an occasion when the tones of a shrill voice came piercing in from the hall, where a little leave-taking conversation was carried on.

"What is that?" said a visiting friend, with startled look, as the first shrill tone reached us as we sat in an upper parlor, the door closed. I explained that it was a lady taking leave of her departing friend. With an amused look, which I have never forgotten, he said:

"Um! that voice would make a good fog-horn."

What an index is the voice to the character, and how unwittingly we judge by it! But I think, if I had to choose between the two, I would take the sharp, high key rather than the whiney, lachrymose tone; for while the former may sound harsh, it may exist with a kind of straightforward honesty, while the latter, if not begotten by, will eventually foster, a Pharisaical spirit, and it speaks a self-consciousness rife with evil results. Were it not disgusting it would many times be amusing to hear the change of tone employed by some the instant they are crossed in a purpose or the moment reference is made to anything in the line of their personal trials. And when we remember how habit grows upon us we cannot too earnestly guard against unpleasant habits, which will eventually make us obnoxious to those about us.

What, then, is the secret of a voice of melody? you ask. I answer, A loving, honest, natural life. If love is in the heart it will permeate the outermost sphere of our life. If we are honest of purpose, we can speak in a manner free from cringing sycophancy, and if we act our own natural, true selves, instead of assuming that which is foreign to us or copied from some one we are seeking to ape, there will be a charming freshness in all that is said and done. The surest road to all this is

self-forgetfulness—"Charity seeketh not its own." If the heart flows out in loving thoughtfulness of others, self will soon cease to be alive at every point and on the alert for wounds and hurts.

I know it is hard always to be one's real self; for we come in contact with those who seem to freeze us up, and the utterance grows thick and constrained and the things we had thought to express seem to die away within us. But if in the

purpose we are tender and true, in the main all will be as it should be. And what a beauty is begotten in such a life! What face has been to you the most beautiful ever looked upon? Not the one with most classical and well-cut features, however much it may have been admired, but the one illuminated by the most tender soul-light and from which spoke forth the richest, sweetest voice.

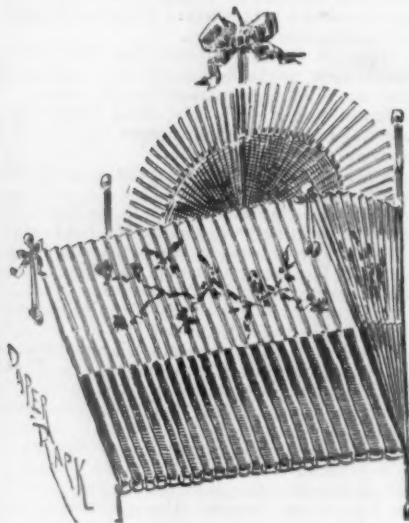
LAURETTA.

Art at Home.

IN regard to the subject of economical decoration, we this month give a number of suggestions that must prove available and desirable to many who are seeking for their rooms ornaments that they themselves can make at home.

Besides the mere question of expense, there is a satisfaction in having about us the productions of our own skill. We are interested in making them; we are naturally interested after they are completed, and so it comes that every lady who has some spare time to herself, after the multitudinous duties of her household are taken care of, seeks rest in the devising and carrying out of pleasant schemes for the improvement of her home—the embellishment of the walls, the furnishing of the mantel, or the decoration of odd corners.

There are many things that we have about us and many that we destroy daily that might be turned to good account in knick-knacks and trifles.



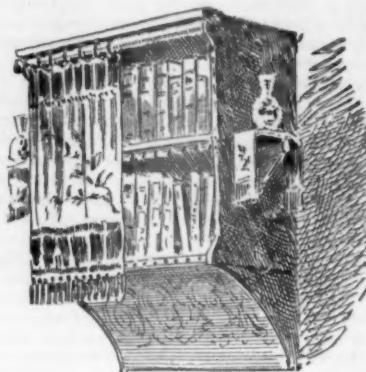
In our illustration we show a paper-rack made of fans, the wires removed from the handle, and the entire fan spread out in its natural shape of a long square, serving thus for a front. The sides and back are so plainly shown that they will be readily understood and very easily made. A rack of this sort will be found especially useful as a temporary receptacle for newspapers and magazines—out of the way, and yet within easy reach.

A screen is made of plush, bearing upon a large panel a branch of chestnut, with the leaves and burrs

unbroken. The branch may be frequently renewed, or, if this is impossible or undesirable, it may be entirely varnished and thus enabled to preserve its appearance. The small panels about one side and the bottom have pressed leaves laid upon squares of a differently colored plush to that of the large panel.

A vase is composed of a large flower-pot for the base, upon which rests a lamp-shade; if it is an old and cracked shade it is none the worse for this purpose, for it may be ornamented either with hand painting, if the capacity of the artist will permit, or decaloamancies may be resorted to. In the upper or smaller opening of the shade, that intended for the lamp chimney to project through, is set a smaller flower pot, which, being filled with earth, is a very good place for the flowers or vines to be planted. The entire article is eminently pretty and picturesque; the ornamentation is left entirely to the individual taste of the person making the thing itself. The flower-pots may be painted plain, with figures, or merely varnished their natural color.

A flower stand consists of the bottom portion of a demijohn, the neck cut off just above where the slope begins from the sides. The wicker work is gilded, and bows of appropriately colored ribbon attached to the sides. The demijohn being filled with earth, the flower may be set into it. The stand supporting the pot can be made from ordinary pine wood; a circular top piece, covered with a suitable material and having fringe about it; the legs being nicely whittled sticks, wound around with split reed, the whole of this being gilded also. The effect of this is really very good.



The bookcase shown in cut is made up of two soap boxes, nailed together, and covered inside and out with plush. The brackets supporting the case can be sawed out with a plain scroll saw and the front space filled with very heavy wall-paper and making an

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effective cove below the shelves. A little bracket attached to the side is merely a decorative hint, and the front may be finished with a curtain, which serves, in a measure, to keep the dust from the books, and adds much to the appearance of the ease.

A drawing-room should not only contain works of art and books for pleasant study, but should also be a room in which you need not fear to move or joke or have that always pleasant hour before dinner with the younger members of the house.

Fancy Needlework.

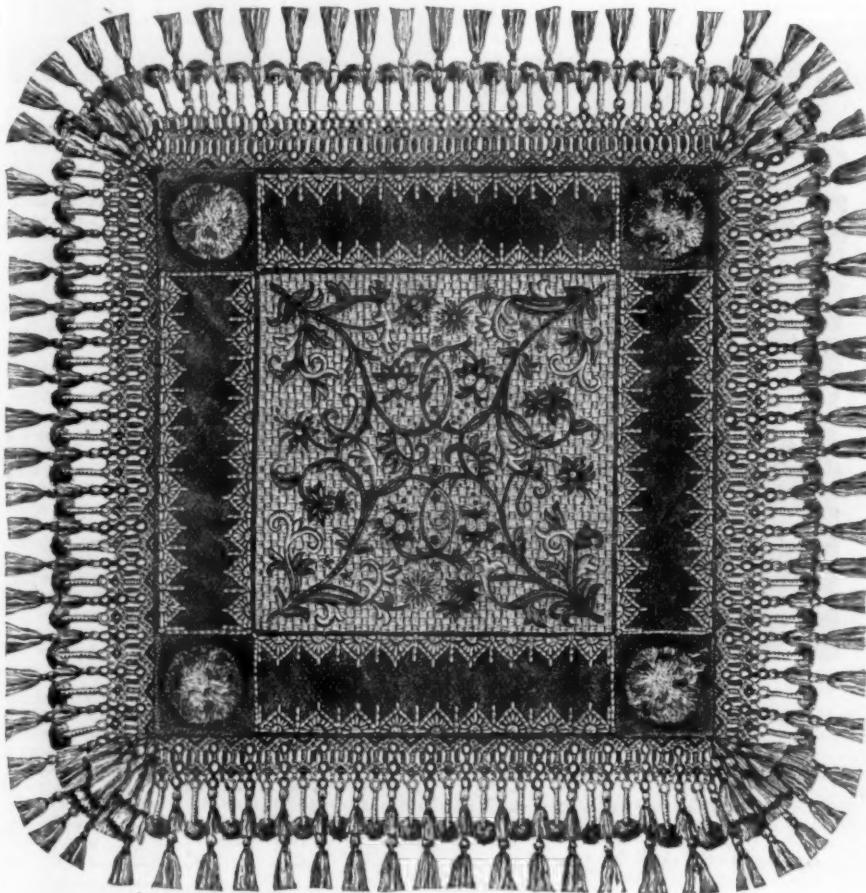
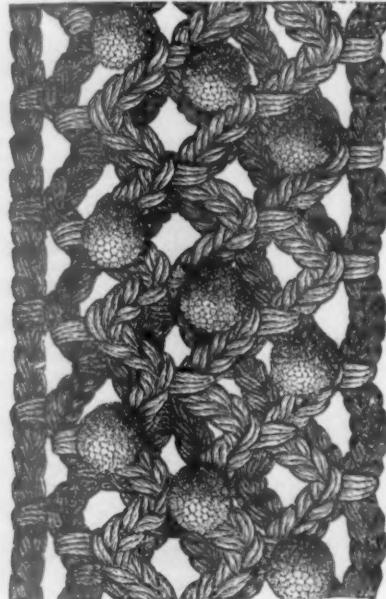


TABLE-COVER.

Table-cover.—This cover is sixteen and a half inches square without the border and fringe, and looks very striking when finished. All the runners, leaves, and flowers are worked in satin stitch with purse silk, the edges being executed in two rows, the inner one of stalk stitch with silk, the outer of gold thread. Gold threads are drawn through a few parts of the flowers and leaves. The latter are of two shades of moss-

green, the flowers of two shades of light-blue. The lightest blue is also taken to run out the ground in rows. A border five inches deep, of light-blue plush, is joined to the centre square and ornamented with old gold silk in two shades and gold thread. The corners are filled in with pompons three-quarters of an inch long. Centre and border must be lined with a piece of silk or dark woolen stuff; the fringe knotted first

with strong cotton and then sewn out richly with filo-selle silk taken the whole size and gold thread. The knotting consists of the common running pattern of reversed double knots, interrupted by bars of double knots and those of wound braid knots. In sewing out the work, the bars which are buttonholed round are to be made in one with the darning of the running pattern of reversed knots, and in shades of olive and light blue alternately, these colors being also repeated at the rounds. The thread lengths of the knotting running out loose below are to be twisted over with silk to form thick bars one and one-eighth and two and three-eighth inches long, and take up at the ends turned over in a loop alternately a tag and a pompon of silk and gold thread. The tags in the upper row hang in slings; those formed of the silk twisted over the bars are, besides, to be tacked so as not to be seen when the bars are put on.



CROCHET INSERTION.

Stripe or Insertion: Crochet.—Materials required: Single Berlin wool of three shades or colors and a bone crochet hook.

Make a chain the length required with the darkest shade.

1st row: One double under a stitch, five chain, pass over three stitches, and repeat from the beginning of the row.

2d row: One double under the third of five chain, five chain. Repeat.

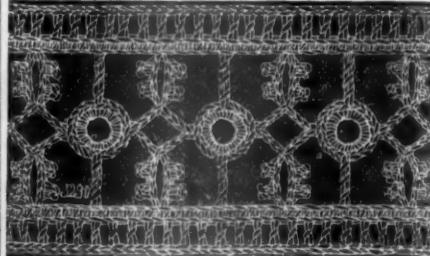
3d to 5th rows: Like second row.

6th row: One double under third of five chain, four chain. Repeat.

Now, with the second shade work one double under the five chain of first row, five chain. Repeat. Work another row like the last into the row just worked, then work one double under the third of five chain of last row, two chain, one double over the double of the sixth row, two chain. Repeat to the end of the row.

The little balls are made of the lightest shade, and are sewn on diagonally with a needle and wool: they are made over disks of a size rather less than a dime.

Insertion.—This pattern is worked with cotton No. 18 and hook No. 4. It commences in the centre, and half the circle, half the diamond, and one oval is formed first, and the work is then turned and the other halves and headings added. The first side: First



INSERTION.

circle—Make 13 chain, turn, miss the last 8 chain, and work 1 single in the ninth stitch, so as to form a round loop, and leave 4 chain, turn, and in the round loop work 8 single, which should cover half of it. To work the oval at the side and half the centre diamond, make 10 chain, miss the last 4 chain, and work 1 slip stitch in the fifth stitch, leaving 5 chain; this forms the first picot; and for the second picot make 5 chain and work 1 slip stitch in the first stitch of these 5 chain. Then, for the third picot—Make 5 chain and 1 slip stitch in the first stitch; and for the fourth picot, 5 chain and 1 slip stitch in the first stitch. To join the picots—Work 1 single in the last stitch of the 5 chain left before the first picot; repeat the circle and oval until the length required is made, ending with the 8 single in the circle (see cut). The second side: To finish the circle—Work 8 single in the half left plain, then on the next stitch of the 4 chain left between the circle and picots work slip stitch; and for the first picot make 9 chain, and missing the last 4 chain, work 1 single, leaving 4 chain; and for the second, third, and fourth picots make 5 chain, and work a single stitch in the first stitch of the 5 chain three times. To join the picots—Work 1 single on the last stitch of the 4 chain left before the first picot; make 3 chain and work 1 single on the first chain stitch before the next circle; repeat from the commencement of the second side. The heading: First row—Commence on the centre of the 8 single of the first circle and work one long treble, then 5 chain and 1 single between the second and third picots.

Corners for Table-cover.—These two designs are for corners of table-covers, and as herewith shown are reduced to one-third the proper size. It is, of course, intended that the design chosen shall be used upon the four corners of the cloth. They are appropriate for use with any of the materials of which table-covers are usually made, and are to be worked in crewel or outline stitch with silk or crewels. Price of stamping pattern, seventy-five cents.

NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES.

“Butchers’ Linen” may be utilized in decoration, and very economically at that. Fringe out the edges, and for a pretty heading draw out the threads to the width of an inch, hemstitch the same with French embroidery cotton; for the centre draw with a lead pencil a wreath of scroll work and trace over the lines with cotton a chain stitching, and where the curves are sharp do them in double-chain stitch, which gives a pretty change, producing quite an ornamental pattern. When the article is finished it can be used in several ways, if spread over the centre of a dark table-



CORNERS FOR TABLE-COVERS.

cloth. When the gaslight or a lamplight is reflected on the white linen the effect is very novel. A set of covers for a bureau and a washstand can be easily made of this same style of linen. Fringe out the ends to a depth of four inches, then knot a heading by taking ten threads in a cluster and tying the same at the top; over the tie knot a coarse thread of French embroidery cotton, clipping the ends closely; dot the sides with the same kind of thread, which must be carried to the next dot without clipping, and in this manner pretty networks are traced without any difficulty. Embroider in the centre some sort of Japanese design; the pattern selected should be as quaint as can be found and executed in blue cotton if the dots are wrought in scarlet.

Doilies intended for fruit are ornamented by having one corner turned down and a banana or other piece of fruit worked upon it.

Portieres of hand-painted Chinese matting are gaining admirers daily. Bright scenes should be pictured upon them.

A table-scarf that is both pretty and inexpensive is made of dark green felt, about half a yard wide, pinked on the edge, and a strip of silk patchwork, about a quarter of a yard wide, on each end. Make fringe of the felt.

Embroidery silks have been produced in new colors, and the variety has very largely increased recently, so that a wider field is given for effect in this kind of work.

A mantel lambrequin made of sky-blue satin, with banded water-lilies on the sides and centre and having

an edging of blue and white floss balls, is particularly attractive.

Mantel Lambrequin.—Mantel lambrequins are now used in almost every house and are certainly a great addition to a room. A strip of felt three inches wide, on the edge of which sew a strip of cretonne, in neutral tints, and embroider parts of the pattern over with flosses of bright colors. On the edge of this add a worsted fringe. Another design is made of velvet. A strip fifteen inches wide and pigeons' wings mounted on, arranged as a border or placed with the point of the wings down. Still another is to crochet some pretty lace patterns, using No. 20 Macramé lace cord and a very large hook. When finished, stretch it on the floor and pin it down, wrong side up, and press it with a hot iron.

A beautiful tidy for the back of a large chair is made of a square piece of cloth about ten inches each way; on this is sewed patchwork of plush and velvet in the form of a widespread fan. The corners of the block are of black velvet, and on the top, drooping over the fan, is a spray from a moss-rose bush in ribbon embroidery. The edge is finished with lace. This design is pretty for a block in a quilt or sofa-pillow.

A handsome comforter or shoulder quilt is improved by tufting both sides. Then there is no appearance of a right or wrong side, but both sides are equally well finished.

Gray linen table-covers may be made very effective by embroidering with outline scroll patterns. Red and yellow berries look especially well against the gray ground.

Housekeepers' Department.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

FORT JACKSON, ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY, N. Y.,

January 22d, 1884.

MESSRS. T. S. ARTHUR & SON:—My February number of your magazine just received.

I take the liberty of sending the recipes requested by "M. L. N."

COCONUT-FILLING FOR CAKE.—One cup coconut soaked in one and a half cups of boiling hot milk an hour or so; mix this when cool with three eggs, beaten with as much sugar as you like; add small pieces butter. Cook two tablespoonsfuls of corn-starch by pouring boiling water on—add this and cook over steam. When cool add lemon, if wanted.

CHOCOLATE FILLING.—Grate three heaping tablespoonsfuls of chocolate; mix with one cup pulverized sugar the whites of two eggs and one tablespoonful dry corn-starch; add one teaspoonful lemon.

An excellent frosting for cake made the same as the above recipe, omitting the chocolate.

PASTRY FOR TARTS.—One cup of lard, three cups of roller flour; mix well and add one white of egg, beaten; stir three tablespoonsfuls of water into the egg and one tablespoonful white sugar.

FLORENCE.

PAW PAW, Mich., January 24th, 1884.

MR. ARTHUR:—In answer to "M. L. N.'s" question, allow one of your old subscribers to answer her. I will give the whole recipe—viz., cake and filling:

COCONUT CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, half of sweet milk, one and a half cups of flour, two tablespoonsfuls of Horsford's Baking Powder, yolks of three eggs, white of one.

CREAM FOR THE COCONUT CAKE.—Half cup of su-

gar, one cup of sweet milk, half cup of cocoanut, one egg, a little water to swell cocoanut. Mix together, set in a basin of hot water to prevent burning; when cool, spread between layers. If not thick enough add a little corn-starch. Use the two whites for frosting, adding cocoanut, if preferred.

TARTS.—One cup of lard, white of one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of water, three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, pinch of salt.

MRS. F. F. CLARK.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., January 26th, 1884.
I see in the February number of ARTHUR's a request for "cocoanut and chocolate filling for cakes." I send you good ones.

CHOCOLATE FILLING.—Whites of two eggs, beaten with sugar like frosting, grate half a cake of chocolate in it and put between layers.

COCOANUT FILLING FOR LARGE CAKE.—Whites of five eggs, one pound of powdered sugar, and a pack of cocoanut.

MRS. LAURA E. BENJAMIN.

RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.—The whites of eight eggs, half a cake of chocolate grated, one pound of sugar, six ounces of flour; beat the eggs to a stiff froth, add the sugar, then stir in the chocolate and flour. Butter flat tins and drop on the mixture, not too closely, as the cakes will spread. Bake a few minutes in a quick oven.

MACAROONS.—The whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth and added to three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of almonds which have been blanched and dried, chopped very fine; stir them in and drop on buttered tins. Bake in a moderate oven.

VEAL CROQUETTES.—Boil a calf's head until you can remove the bones, which will be in a little over two hours; tie up the bones in a clean cloth and boil them with the head for half an hour; when the head is done, remove all the meat from the bones and chop it as fine as possible; grate a pint of bread-crumbs, stir them through the meat; season with salt, black and cayenne pepper, a tablespoon heaping full of chopped parsley, a piece of onion the size of a nutmeg chopped very fine, and a saltspoonful of grated nutmeg; stir all well together; mash the brains and add to the meat; then add three beaten eggs and moisten

with some of the broth the head was boiled in until of a consistence to mold into croquettes; form them in a wineglass, roll in cracker-dust, and boil in lard until a nice brown.

TO WARM COLD DUCK.—Cut up the duck and put it in a stew-pan with remains of cold gravy or broth; if not enough to cover, add water; rub to a paste two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of browned flour; stir it in and add a wineglass of mushroom or tomato catsup, a little chopped parsley, a small onion chopped, and pepper and salt to taste; stew fifteen minutes and serve.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

Some new Paris dresses are of all the beautiful shades of gray, trimmed with cardinal velvet or velveteen to relieve the gray, which is to many ladies a trying color. The "Arcadia" velveteen is especially recommended as trimming for gray costumes, as it now comes in all the various tints of cardinal, garnet, and ruby, so nearly like silk velvet in effect that only experts can tell the difference.

Late winter wraps are of broche velvet or velveteen trimmed with bands of fur. A wrap of "Arcadia-woven Broche Velveteen," in black, brown, or any of the other fashionable colors, to match a costume, is especially handsome.

The Arcadia Velveteen, to which we have just alluded, stands pre-eminent on account of its being the result of a patent process, giving it a perfect silk finish. Some years ago velveteen was considered simply an imitation of velvet, but this article deserves to stand upon its own merits.

Poplins are to be revived, and in the near future will be the leading dress-material. Irish poplins, unequalled for beauty and durability, are always standard goods, but they are destined to take a new lease of life as positively fashionable fabrics.

Styles in dressmaking show little positively new; but the leading fancies are for short skirts, entirely or partially covered with heavy kilt plaiting; pointed overskirts, looped high upon the side, usually of a different material from the underskirt; very large bustles, the tendency in this direction being decidedly toward exaggeration; short, close-fitting basques, with Shirred vest-fronts; high-puffed sleeves, or, if not puffed, gathered around the arm-hole.

Neckwear is very high. Standing collars are made of several rows of ruching, sometimes lined and held in place by fine wire. Wide cuffs, to match, are made of flat rows of ruching and basted upon the outside of the sleeves. A piece of ribbon is passed around the cuff and fastened in a bow on the top to match the cravat-bow at the neck.

Black dresses for street wear during the early spring will be entirely of black satin, with vest and apron-front of beaded satin or Brussels net heavily covered with jet beads.

Underwear.—The old-fashioned chemise has been almost entirely superseded by the princess, a garment combining corset-cover and underskirt, or underwaist and drawers—the former variety to be worn over, the latter under, the corset. Old-style chemises, however, are convenient to have on hand in case of sickness—to quote the words of an experienced nurse in this connection, "How do you expect me to put a mustard-plaster on you and you in one of them new-fangled

things?" French hand-made underclothing, intended for bridal trousseaux, are of linen, French porcale, and cambric, trimmed with hand-embroidery, fine tucks, and Valenciennes lace. Plain underware is now trimmed with woven and crocheted edgings, in preference to the more showy Hamburg embroidery, although this last is always fashionable. Torchon lace is still a favorite trimming for underclothing, but it seems inappropriate, as after washing it loses its beautiful écrin tint, which is really its chief charm.

A serviceable costume for spring and summer wear, for traveling, country, and everyday use, is of gray, golden-brown, or navy-blue de beige, cashmere, or camel's-hair, made up with short, kilt-plaited skirt, apron overskirt, and plain, round basque.

Spring Styles.—For warmer weather the favorite materials will be figured percales and sateens, India silks and embroidered muslins. The figured percales resemble those of last year in being covered with rings, balls, polka dots, quaint figures, and the like, only they are somewhat more satin-like in effect. The sateens are also more like real satin; in addition to the familiar floral designs, these are covered sometimes with grotesque landscapes or indefinite patterns, resembling Persian tapestries, in all the dull red, blue, and yellow shades. Another favorite material is Sicilienne; this also shows the dark red, plum, olive, and garnet shades. The embroidered muslins this year are colored, as well as white, with gay borders for trimming. The white embroidered muslins are in smaller patterns than those of last season. India silks are foulards of better quality, the term "foulard" being now restricted to flimsy materials, from which very little wear can be expected.

Models for spring costumes are generally very simple. The only distinctive feature is Shirring about the waist, giving, sometimes, the effect of a vest set in.

Spring Silks.—These show many singular, contrasting effects of color. Old-fashioned shot-silks are revived, but the shades are more decided, dark green being shot with red, light green with dull blue, and the like. Many of the new silks have raised figures, as cubes, balls, rings, and so forth, upon satin or repp grounds, two and sometimes three or more colors appearing upon the same surface; others have velvet figures upon a light, shining ground. Such silks will be made up with plain silk or satin and trimmed with velvet.

Spring and Summer Mantles.—These will take the form of short visites, or shoulder-epaulettes, of velvet-figured gauze or of grenadine, black or of lighter colors to match costumes. They may or may not be lined with silk or satin of the same color as the grenadine or of a contrasting color. A black visite may be lined with red satin, if desired.

Notes and Comments.

Give the Boys a Chance.

BETTER than anything that we can say on the subject is the following plea for a more considerate and a wiser treatment of the boys than they receive in the average family. It is from the *Decorator and Furnisher*:

Give the boys a chance. I mean, give them the same chance to cultivate and perpetuate a refined taste that you give the girls. To be more explicit, girls have the best room in the house, they have lace curtains at their windows, they have good carpets and furniture, they are allowed to keep birds and plants, and are permitted to have many pretty little kick-shaws on their tables and what-nots. Look well at their room, then climb to the top floor and look at the boys' quarters; hall bed-rooms, no fire, no gas, no paper, a strip of worn carpet, a plain linen curtain, a cane-seated chair or two, a table given up by the girls on being presented with a better one, a home-made book-case, a cot bed, and, in the corners that miscellaneous heap of rat-traps, tops, kite-frames, torn books, marbles, old boots, and rusty tools—plainly, a room which no higher intelligence than Bridget's is called upon to set in daily order.

Now, is this fair? The boy is accused of caring little for his home, and of liking the woods, the fields, the river, and the streets better than the paternal residence. Suppose his paternal relative were assigned to the most distant, lonesomest, coldest, barest room under his roof, would he not, think you, spend his evenings with a club. Would he not lengthen his walks and his business to delay returning to his home? Would he not become as rude and as careless about the house as the Terrible Boy? The boy is given a dirty room, and his parents think it remarkable that he has no idea of neatness. He is given a perfect barn of a place to sleep and read and study and play in, and his family wonders that he shows so little taste and refinement in his nature. What sort of logic do these parents employ in their reasoning?

It is not my purpose to enter into a treatise on the neglect or mismanagement of the family boy, or to suggest what his reading or exercise or employment should be. These are important matters, not germane to the purpose of this periodical. But cannot the boy be given cheerful quarters and encouraged to decorate and beautify them, if you have no money to spare for the purpose.

If you want him to be neat, give him a room that he will take pride in keeping neat. If you wish him to become a man of taste, let his surroundings be such as will tend to the development of his aesthetic faculties and the improvement of his artistic judgment. Buy a few good prints for him and hang them in his room. With them in view he will not paste wood cuts from the illustrated weeklies on the wall. Get him a neat little set of shelves for his books, his minerals, and his playthings, and he will no longer pile those possessions in a miscellaneous heap among his old clothes on the closet floor. Put paper on the wall, and he will cease to kick and thumb it. Put a carpet on the floor, and he will stop spitting on it. Let him have respectable furniture, and he will no longer try his new pocket-knives on the bed and chairs. He does not demand Crane and Coleman dadios, nor Rembrant and Haden etchings, nor three-ply carpets, nor East-lake book-cases, nor Japanese cabinets.

He wants only his share in the beauty and order that come into the house, and, as he is an inventive genius, he will often, if you give him a chance, assist materially in the adornment of his room. A few Chi-

nese fans, a few gorgeous autumn leaves, an etching or two, an engraving that does not exactly fit, in size or subject, any of the groups in the parlor, a few knick-knacks in the way of china, lacquer, or carving—these will transform the inhospitable cell that he abides in to as pretty and attractive a room as that which his rivals and half-enemies, his sisters, have enjoyed since babyhood. Don't treat the boy like a heathen and an outcast, or he may become one.

Publishers' Department.

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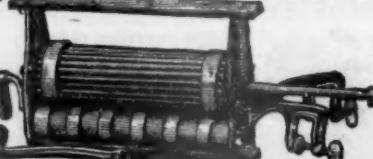
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The following report of the case of a gentleman whose physicians had ordered him to leave England on account of *Tuberculosis*, and seek a climate more favorable for the disease from which he was suffering, is a very remarkable one. He made his way to Colorado, but found that the air of that high region did not suit him. Hearing of the Oxygen Treatment, he wrote to Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, and obtained a supply. In January, 1883, two months after commencing its use, he reported the result as highly favorable. We make an extract from his letter:

"Almost from the first your Oxygen did me perceptible good. I slept better, appetite increased, digestion improved. I felt more hopeful and life seemed brighter. There were times, however, when the Oxygen did not seem to be of any service at all, but having been warned in your pamphlet of these times, I was not afraid. I persevered with your Treatment and have been rewarded.

"After some six weeks' Treatment, I began to improve with marvelous rapidity. I seemed to bound forward into new life. My color returned, I gained flesh and strength, my spirits rose, the effect of ten years' overwork disappeared, and I was awake—alive again.

"And these pleasant sensations are warranted by the physician's recent examination. He says the chest is filling out, particularly under the shoulder-blades—a good sign. Respecting the lung, he says there is just one little spot that does not sound quite well, but the difference is so slight that it can only be detected by a very quick ear. The Doctor added that he knew of a number of cases where Oxygen had been a signal benefit, and he believed Starkey & Palen were doing much good.

"How thankful I am for this happy change in my condition cannot be expressed. I shall ever acknowledge my indebtedness to you, and do my best to spread the knowledge of your Treatment. It has given me a Merry Christmas and made me look hopefully for a happy New Year."

In February, two months after the above was written, we had another report, in which he says:

"This morning I saw my doctor, and hasten to give you the gratifying result of his examination:

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.—Dr. John Turner, 842 Broadway, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.—Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by the undersigned. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who buy it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover.

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"First, for the heart: The valvular disturbance has been quite removed, but there is a slight unsteadiness, Pulse, full and strong.

"The lung has quite cleared, with the exception of a small spot at the apex, which has shrunk a little. I said, 'Well, Doctor, suppose I was examined by a stranger, could he, excepting the shrunken spot, tell whether I had been ill?' The answer was firm and unhesitating, 'No, and he might easily overlook that spot. The only difference is that the right breast is not yet as full as the other; that might be detected by laying on the hands.'

"Can anything be more satisfactory? Dr. Andrew Clark (of London) has remarked of me to my friends there, that I cannot be better yet, and what improvement there is he attributes to the climate, not to Compound Oxygen. Those on the spot can judge better than those who are away. My doctor here says, 'Go ahead with Compound Oxygen.'

This great improvement, it is gratifying to know, has been permanent, as will be seen from the following letter received from him under date of October 12th, 1883, a year after he began the Compound Oxygen Treatment:

"It is interesting to me that a year has just elapsed since I began using Compound Oxygen. Ill as I was, the first Treatment effected a cure of the lung. I have taken two other Treatments to make assurance doubly sure, and for the sake of the throat, which, indeed, was progressing nicely until the hot weather threw me down.

"One of its most noteworthy qualities is the protection it affords from cold. Since before last Christmas I have had but one cold, and that recently, when I had no Oxygen to take on the first symptoms appearing. The sweet sleep it gives is also noteworthy, and then the improved breathing!

"Through inhaling Oxygen and the steady practice of deep abdominal breathing, the increase of chest capacity is remarkable. As one who has derived the greatest benefit from your discovery, I gratefully wish you God speed!"

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the results which have followed the use of Compound Oxygen in this case.